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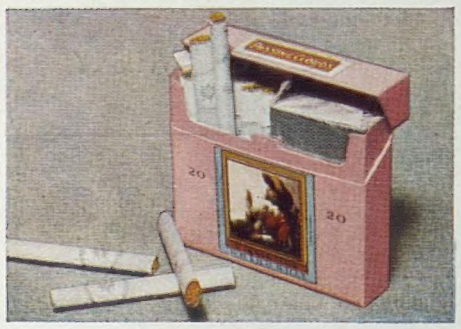
A man—his hobby—and a very personal cigarette . . .

An actor for 47 years, and for most of them a star—that's Ernest Thesiger. If you've been lucky enough to see one of his many plays or films, you'll have admired the originality which he brings to every part he plays.

Ernest Thesiger is a painter too, yet he finds time to add to his many collections; loveliest of all, perhaps, the vases, jugs, goblets and candlesticks in silver glass lustre which glow with colour in his London flat.

Only an original man could have such widely differing interests. Ernest Thesiger shows individuality, too, in his choice of a cigarette that is oval in shape, though of Virginian flavour, larger than most and rather fuller to the taste: "Passing Clouds" —in their uncompromisingly pink box.



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Ernest Thesiger's colourful collection of silver glass lustre results from many theatrical journeys, at home and abroad. Some of the pieces in his collection are of foreign origin, but the majority, and those he values most, were made in England for the Great Exhibition of 1851 and bear the seal "Varnish London" to prove it. It is the collection of a highly original man, one whose individuality shows itself in many ways. Offer him a cigarette, for instance, and he'll say, "Rather smoke my own, thanks." Then he'll pass you his unmistakable pink box of "Passing Clouds."

PASSING CLOUDS

Volume CCXXVIII No. 2964

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE THIRTEENTH BRITISH PRIME MINISTER OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN IN THE CABINET ROOM AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: In less than twenty-four hours after Sir Anthony Eden's resignation, Mr. Macmillan had been appointed his successor. The new Premier, who will be sixty-three next month, entered Parliament in 1924. In his career he has been Minister of Housing, Minister of Defence, Foreign Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Macmillan's Cabinet appears to be a careful balance of old and new. Of the eighteen posts, nine offices keep the same Minister and nine have new chiefs. Six new men have been brought in and six of Sir Anthony Eden's Ministers have gone out. The list contained two big surprises. First, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd remains at the Foreign Office. It was expected that he would be moved because of his close association with the previous Premier's Suez policy. His retention is taken as clear evidence that Mr. Macmillan fully supported the Anglo-French intervention. Secondly, an entirely new post has been created—Minister of Power. This has been given to a prominent industrialist, Sir Percy Mills, who was honorary adviser on housing when the Prime Minister was at the Ministry of Housing. Sir Percy is not an M.P., but is receiving a peerage. A great speculation before the announcement of the Cabinet concerned the position of Mr. Butler. He remains Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House, but has taken in addition the Home Office, the senior Department of State. (Further pictures of Premier and Ministers on pp. 108 to 110 and 115 to 118.)

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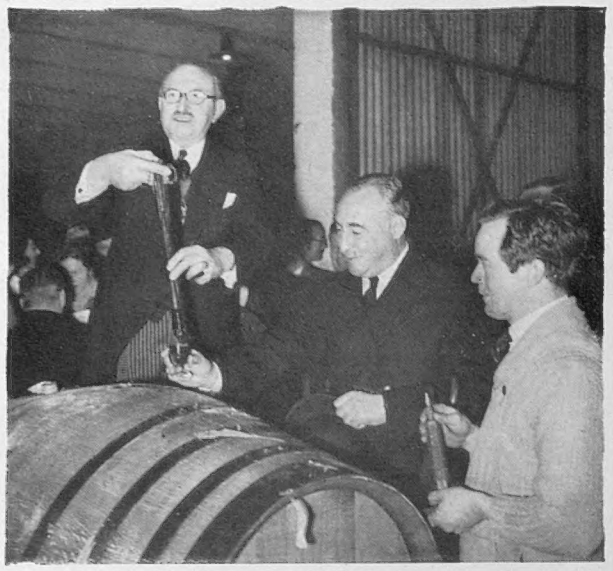
SHERRY IN AID OF THE HUNGARIANS



THE LORD MAYOR POURS THE SHERRY: Alderman Sir Cullum Welch, Lord Mayor of London, fills a glass in the hand of the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke of Primo de Rivera, from a butt of sherry which was auctioned at North Quay, London Docks, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Hungarian Relief Fund. Sir Cullum Welch holds a vessel used to siphon a sample of wine from the butt, which contained the equivalent of well over 600 bottles, and was a gift to Britain from the sherry shippers. It was the 50,000th butt to be exported from Spain in the last twelve months.

A THEATRICAL OCCASION

CUTTING THE BADDELEY CAKE: Surrounded by performers in the musical *Fanny*, Mr. Austin Melford helps Miss Janet Pavek, who takes the namepart, to cut the traditional Baddeley Cake on the stage of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Mr. Robert Morley stands on Mr. Melford's right. The cake, provided for under a bequest of Robert Baddeley, the eighteenth-century comedian, is eaten on Twelfth Night by Her Majesty's Company of Comedians, as any company playing at the Theatre Royal is known. Mr. Melford is treasurer of the fund providing the cake.

A NEW "SAINT JOAN"

PRODUCER AND STAR: Miss Jean Seberg, an eighteen-year-old American actress, is to take the part of Saint Joan in a new film based on the play by George Bernard Shaw. On the left is the producer and director, Mr. Otto Preminger.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £6 1*s.* 6*d.; 6 months and Christmas Number,* £3 3*s.; 6 months without Christmas Number,* £2 18*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.* 6*d.* (*or* $16), £2 19*s.* 6*d. and* £2 15*s.; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 19*s.* ($16.50 *cents in the U.S.A.*), £3 1*s.* 9*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. All terms above include postage.*

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Thoughts on a Change of Premier.—

Sir Anthony Eden's resignation on the grounds announced (of ill-health) can have come as no surprise to his colleagues, who were made aware some days before he left for Jamaica of the inevitable effects of unremitting strain and anxiety without any break for months on end. To the general public, from the day he left for Jamaica until the day of resignation, the late Premier was no more than a disembodied spirit. His resignation, regretted by many, surprised few. The sombre truth is that to-day the problems which face the world's leading statesmen are proving too complex, too grave, too continuous, to be long carried by any who do not possess extraordinary mental and physical powers of endurance—above all, the power to switch their minds from their preoccupation for brief intervals. Such giants are rare and Sir Anthony was not one of them. Had he continued as Premier, he must have found himself a man carrying a "load of mischief" not to be endured. He has ended a fine career with the dignity he has always shown and with the integrity which has distinguished his public life. It may be that his resignation may a little ease the present difficulties of our relations with other powers, but there is no need to seek reasons for his decision beyond those advanced by his doctors. The Queen has chosen Mr. Macmillan as his successor, and one of the chief hopes that he may succeed in the fearful tasks which face him must lie in his acceptance of the inexorable truth that he cannot carry such responsibility and constant anxieties without reasonable holidays.

Other Choices.—

Last week when we were all choosing the Prime Minister, many expected the lot to fall on Mr. Butler. Lord Salisbury would have proved a generally popular choice. If his health had not ruled him out, he himself, and many in the country and in the parties, would to-day regret the folly of the everlasting dilly-dally with Second Chamber reform (which seemed urgent to his grandfather). How much longer is the absurd anachronism of hereditary titles to remain a possible danger to the employment of the best men available for the most responsible posts in the public service? It remains to wish Mr. Macmillan success. May he conserve his health. He does not lack the courage. To be cynical about modern statesmanship, if excusable, makes no sense. Those who must use the railways do not make their journeys more comfortable by calling all engine-drivers amateurs or unskilled workers. We are all in the train—the up-train, I hope.

Adverse Balance.—

The confiscation of our property, privately or publicly owned, in the Suez Canal Zone, can fairly be put down as a loss of £200,000,000. The Suez Canal Company's share capital and property in Egypt (not to speak of eleven years of lost income) adds another £100,000,000. A grab of £500,000,000 by Nasser is probably not putting his successes too high. And now we are called on to pay our share for clearing the Canal he blocked, in order to free it for his benefit in Canal dues, and we await a bill for compensating Egypt for the wrongs done to her by our aggression. Is there anything we can set off against our adverse balance? We have about £140,000,000 of Egypt's unreleased sterling balances, which, however, if permanently frozen, would not help to recoup us, though the action would hit Egypt's economy very hard, and no doubt start a friendly rivalry between the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. to bolster it up. "A game two can play," declare the hearties who wear silk, not sackcloth. But would it be cricket or, indeed, common sense? And would it be cricket to refuse permission from Uganda for the White Nile to flow down into Egypt and to keep her wheels turning? The U.N. and U.S.A. and U.S.S.R would say that that would not be cricket—at any ra under M.C.C. rules, which Cairo C.C. do not alw follow. It would not have done for Pam, or for nation which responded with zest and guts to his C *Romanus sum* robustiousness in the bad old days wh gunboats counted in diplomacy. I venture to dou if our U.N.- and U.S.A.-imposed sackcloth and bitter humiliation before the world would have do for Churchill.

"All Quiet on the Eastern Front."

—Mr. Khrushchev's recent assurance, as mouthpi of the Kremlin, that "everything is now in order Hungary," is open to question. For not even dictato whose order is obtained with the jackboot and iron he can find the present order in Hungary satisfactory. the pot that boiled over no longer seethes but simme the fire which created the seething is not dead, a when the pot boiled, the steam got through the Ir Curtain and is being harnessed for power. Some 150,0 Hungarians, the cream of the nation, now outside t Iron Curtain, are neither voiceless nor friendless, n indeed, without leadership. And there at least is offer to the Western democracies an opportunity to sh that encouragement and afford that help (to a bra people who have sacrificed so much for freedom) wh they could not supply inside the Curtain, save in f form of money and supplies. In our time, governme in exile have had tragic histories, for they have seld been able to speak for a whole nation or to repres more than a minority. These Hungarian emigrés in better case. They represent a whole nation uni in a firm resolve. They have the experience, they rep sent every interest, they have the trained voices express what they know, and they know what they talk about. If the United Nations see any meaning the Charter, they will hear those voices with sympat and compel them to come in to their deliberation and there is nothing in our allegiance to that Char henceforth to prevent us from giving that authen voice of Hungary the moral and political support wh means even more to Hungarians than bread and blank

From Road to Rail.—

The economic pro lems of our national railways are not a subject for layman. They are far too complicated. The man the street, still more the man at the country lev crossing, sees and experiences much that puzzles h and seems to justify his belief that there is still room improvements. He sees the long trains passing, sl and fast, carrying perhaps a score of passengers, perha two to every coach. When he receives a package c signed to his railway, he is forced to pay a charge delivery, beyond a very minimum range of delivery, of all proportion to the cost of the parcel "carri paid." No doubt there are good reasons why what sees and criticises must be. One possible good seem likely to come from the petrol shortage. For years congestion on our hard-pressed roads has been a cur For years our nationalised railways have struggled vain to pay their way. It did seem likely that econom necessity must at last combine relief for the roads w relief for the railways. But, here again, we do n

THE FUNERAL OF LIEUT. MOORHOUSE

THE CORTÈGE AT THE CEMETERY: Officers and N.C.O.s of the 1st Bn., West Yorksh Regiment, bear the coffin of Lieutenant Moorhouse to its resting place Lawnswood Cemetery, Leeds. The pathway is lined by men of the regiment wi arms reversed. Behind the coffin walk members of Lieutenant Moorhous family and their friends. The young officer, who died in the hands of t Egyptian irregulars, was buried with full military honours. A funeral serv had been held previously in the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. An

CORRECTION.

In a reference to the pantomime, *Dick Whittington and his Cat*, at the Palace Theatre, in our issue of January 5, we attributed the decor of the production to Miss Doris Zinkeisen. This was misleading—the costumes were by Miss Zinkeisen, but the scenery was the work of Mr. Edward Delany.

understand the complications. It takes time to organise factory-to-railhead and railhead-to-consignee transport, even where the will or the need compels the switch from road to rail. And there are still a variety of goods suited best to road haulage and goods which railways dislike handling or seriously damage in handling. One can understand, too, the feelings of road hauliers and those who are organised for road haulage when pressed once more to suffer un-scrambling. The layman can only regret the very slow response on both sides to a great opportunity to relieve two major evils of our time—congested roads and railway services run at a loss. The railways executives, at any rate, should lose no opportunity to woo, and take some calculated risks to win, the business now offered them.

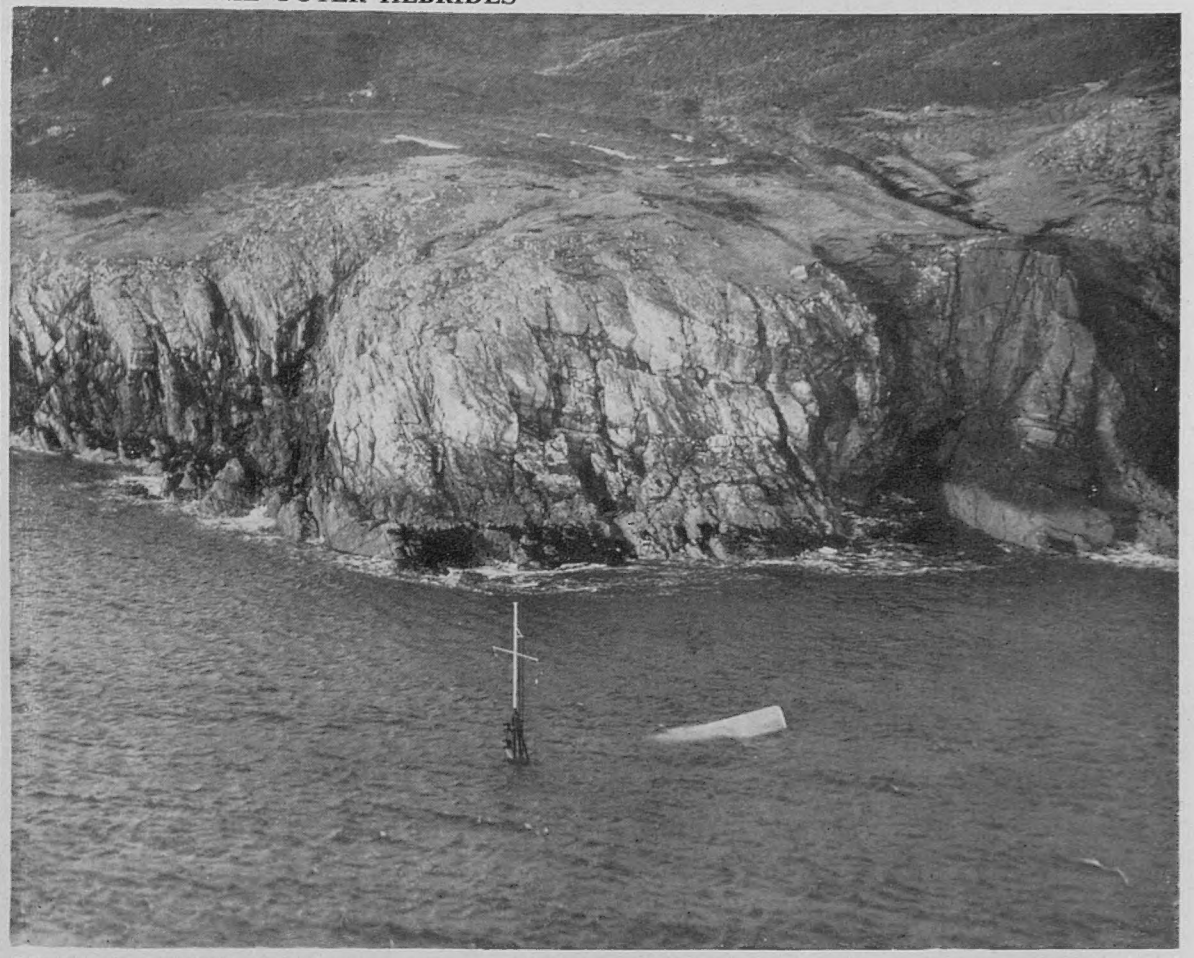
Slaves to Fashion.—The other day I watched the guests arriving at the church for a wedding in the country. The rain lashed down as they left their streamlined cars to negotiate the 80 yards of approach to the porch. What struck me most was the absurdity of the men's top-hats and tails. They could not, of course, wear their hats in the cars—the roof-space is totally insufficient. They could not wear them in the approaches without ruining them. They are not required in church or at the reception. As for their tails, these all presented a bedraggled appearance from having been sat on in a congested space. A toga was just the thing in Rome in chariot days. It would have looked out of place in a growler. It seems to me just as absurd to continue the sartorial tyranny of tails and toppers into the streamlined age of cars and jet planes. Many men think (perhaps with reason) that they look their best in tails and toppers. The fashion brands them as either insanely vain or absurdly enslaved to tyranny. In 1945 (if not in 1918) an admirable opportunity came to rationalise and democratise the dress of ceremony for men. It was lost, I believe, through the ridiculous idea that such anachronisms as top-hats and hereditary titles somehow bolster up the dignity of the Monarchy. Tails and toppers were confirmed (by whom ?) for ceremonial wear. They were too expensive for the young to buy, necessitating the concession of smoking jackets or "lounge" suits for those who did not possess tails. As a result, every ceremonial occasion has since that time been a ragbag of fashion. More than that, it has proved a wearisome business for a man who (in days when porters are a vanished race) must pack for various ceremonies in the country. He must carry tails and topper for a wedding or funeral, tails, stiff shirts, and the rest, for a dance. One dark blue serge coat, double-breasted, with trousers and a soft white shirt or two, would have done the whole business for him day or night and could be contained in a light suit-case. As I remarked last week, we live slavishly on and in our past and are made as ridiculous as men crossing a desert or marching to the Pole in tails, toppers, spats and patent leather boots. And it costs us more than we can afford to maintain our enslavement to fashion's tyranny. Is there anything quite so absurd as a tall hat in a Dorset village or in a London bus, where it attracts a very unwelcome interest in the wearer ? Britons have never been anything but slaves—to fashion.

From Pillar to Post.—How hard it has become for Britain to maintain her overseas bases and her military chain of communications with her distant Commonwealth and dominions. The modern history of the effort is one of constant driving from pillar to post, and the expense of evacuations has been fabulous. We leave behind installations and stores worth hundreds of millions which fall into the hands of our former landlords. Passing over Suez, not considering the future of Cyprus, we come to Ceylon. Trincomalee and Katunayake had become ideal bases, furnished regardless of cost, having every facility for repair, fuelling and the comfort of ships' and plane crews. These bases greatly benefited the Cingalese economically. But nationalism comes before £ s. d., and neither India nor Ceylon is prepared to sacrifice national face for monetary advantage. And so our latest choice has fallen on the Maldives—a very poor substitute, and, of course, only to be considered as a stepping-stone airfield.

Prospero's New Island.—The choice lies among an uncounted group of coral islands, sparsely inhabited by a people whose livelihood depends on selling fish to Ceylon, when they can get a market there. The climate is bad, the amenities few, but the tunny-fishing is excellent. The chief island selected has a population of 500 and, oddly enough, these gallant 500 appear to be the only surviving community which likes us and welcomes our coming. Surely, argue our Government and Service chiefs, we shall be allowed to stay here for a few years while we pour in the millions on costly installations and give these fishermen a second string to their bows ? Surely there won't be for a year or two a surge of extreme nationalism among 500 lonely fishers on a remote coral island or an irresistible demand for neutrality ? I would not be too sure. TV will come in time, the air will be full of noises on Prospero's new island, and 500 men will be as quick as 5,000,000 to be swayed by the arguments and hate propaganda of Britain's all-too-many enemies.

THE OLD STAGER

DISASTER IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES



THE END OF A FISHERY CRUISER : All that remains above water of the fishery protection vessel *Vaila* are her mast and a capsized lifeboat, after she struck rocks off the island of Lewis, in the Outer Hebrides. Five seamen were drowned when the sinking ship fouled the lifeboat and overturned it. Only one man on board the lifeboat survived, though fourteen more members of the crew escaped in two other boats. The 470-ton cruiser was on patrol to the east of the Outer Hebrides when the accident occurred in the darkness of early morning. Rain made visibility even worse. The *Vaila* sank rapidly. One of her boats ran out of petrol and drifted into Loch Shell. Its crew managed to get ashore to the crofting village of Lemrenay. Later, the Stornoway lifeboat picked up the other boat's crew and collected the men from Lemrenay.

CHURCHYARD INTO DRY-DOCK

A DOOMED CHURCHYARD IN BIRKENHEAD : Beyond the precincts of St. Mary's Church in Birkenhead, Cheshire, rise the cranes and sheds of Cammell Laird, the shipbuilders. In the centre background can be seen the prow of a ship taking shape. The churchyard has been bought by Cammell Laird for the construction of a new dry-dock.

A churchyard in Cheshire is to suffer the unusual fate of transformation into a dry-dock. St. Mary's is a parish church in Birkenhead, on the Wirral Peninsula opposite Liverpool. Just beyond the precincts lie the workshops, docks and cranes of the busy shipyards of Cammell Laird. The site of the church has been a place of worship for hundreds of years and about 1,900 people have been buried in the churchyard since 1719. The area involved is 3,100 square yards, about two-thirds of the churchyard. This land has been acquired from the church authorities for Cammell Laird under a compulsory purchase order of the Birkenhead Corporation, for the construction of a dry-dock which will be able to accommodate some of the biggest oil tankers afloat. Workmen wearing special clothing and supervised by medical and ecclesiastical officials will undertake the task of disinterring and removing the remains of the buried dead. These will be reinterred in a neighbouring cemetery. St. Mary's Church was consecrated in 1821, but the grounds contain the ruins of a priory which was founded in the middle of the twelfth century by Benedictine monks. This foundation survived 400 years, to be dissolved by Henry VIII at the Reformation. The ruins will not be displaced in the construction of the shipyard.

THE MACMILLAN CABINET

Familiar and Fresh Faces in the New Government List

HOME SECRETARY AND LORD PRIVY SEAL: Mr. R. A. Butler has become the Principal Secretary of State in the Macmillan administration and continues as Lord Privy Seal, which he was in the Eden Cabinet. He also remains Leader of the House of Commons. He will thus have responsibility for home affairs and for party policy.

LORD CHANCELLOR: Lord Kilmuir is in this office under his third Premier, having been appointed by Sir Winston Churchill in 1954. As Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, he was M.P. for West Derby from 1935 to 1954 and Solicitor-General and Attorney-General during the war. He went to the Home Office in 1951.

LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL: Lord Salisbury is another member of the Cabinet with long service in his post, having become Lord President in 1952. When Viscount Cranborne, he was Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office and resigned with his Chief, Sir Anthony Eden, in 1938. He was consulted by the Queen last week.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: Mr. Peter Thorneycroft is promoted at the age of forty-seven, after over five years as President of the Board of Trade. He held an Under-Secretaryship in the "Caretaker" Government of 1945. After the war he was Chairman of the Tory Reform Group and helped to remould the Conservative party's policies.

FOREIGN SECRETARY: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd continues in the post in which he was so closely associated with Sir Anthony Eden. A barrister, he did not enter Parliament until 1945, after serving in the Army in the war. In the last five years he has also been Minister of State, Minister of Supply and Minister of Defence.

COLONIAL SECRETARY: Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd is one more in Mr. Macmillan's Cabinet list with "no change" after his name. He has been M.P. for Mid-Bedfordshire since 1931, when he was aged twenty-six. He was in Chamberlain's pre-war Government, held various offices in the war and was Minister of Transport 1952-54.

MINISTER OF POWER: Sir Percy Mills, the sixty-seven-year-old industrialist, goes to a new Ministry of Mr. Macmillan's creation which supersedes the Ministry of Fuel and Power and will be responsible for policy in relation to power resources, except atomic research. The new Minister, who is not an M.P., receives a peerage.

MINISTER OF EDUCATION: Lord Hailsham has been moved from the Admiralty, where he had been notable for his forthright utterances during the Suez intervention and its aftermath. Before succeeding to his title in 1950, he had been M.P. for Oxford City for twelve years and Under-Secretary of State for Air in 1945.

MINISTER OF HOUSING AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND MINISTER FOR WELSH AFFAIRS: Mr. Henry Brooke, formerly Financial Secretary to the Treasury, takes over the Ministry of Housing and Local Government. To his portfolios is added Welsh Affairs, which have hitherto been part of the duties of the Home Secretary.

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE: Sir David Eccles is now in his second Cabinet post, having been Minister of Education under Sir Winston Churchill and Sir Anthony Eden. The M.P. for Chippenham, in Wiltshire, first became prominent as Minister of Works during the Coronation. He was knighted for this service.

MINISTER OF LABOUR: Mr. Iain Macleod is among the nine Ministers who retain their previous offices in the new Cabinet. He joined the Conservative Parliamentary Secretariat in 1946 and was Head of the Home Affairs Research Dept. in 1948. He became M.P. in 1950 and within two years was Minister of Health.

MINISTER OF DEFENCE: Mr. Duncan Sandys has been transferred from the Ministry of Housing and Local Government. He introduced the controversial Rents Bill into Parliament towards the end of last year. A son-in-law of Sir Winston Churchill, he was Minister of Supply from 1951 until October 1954, when he moved to Housing.

MR. MACMILLAN'S RISE TO POWER

Steps in the New Prime Minister's Path to Office

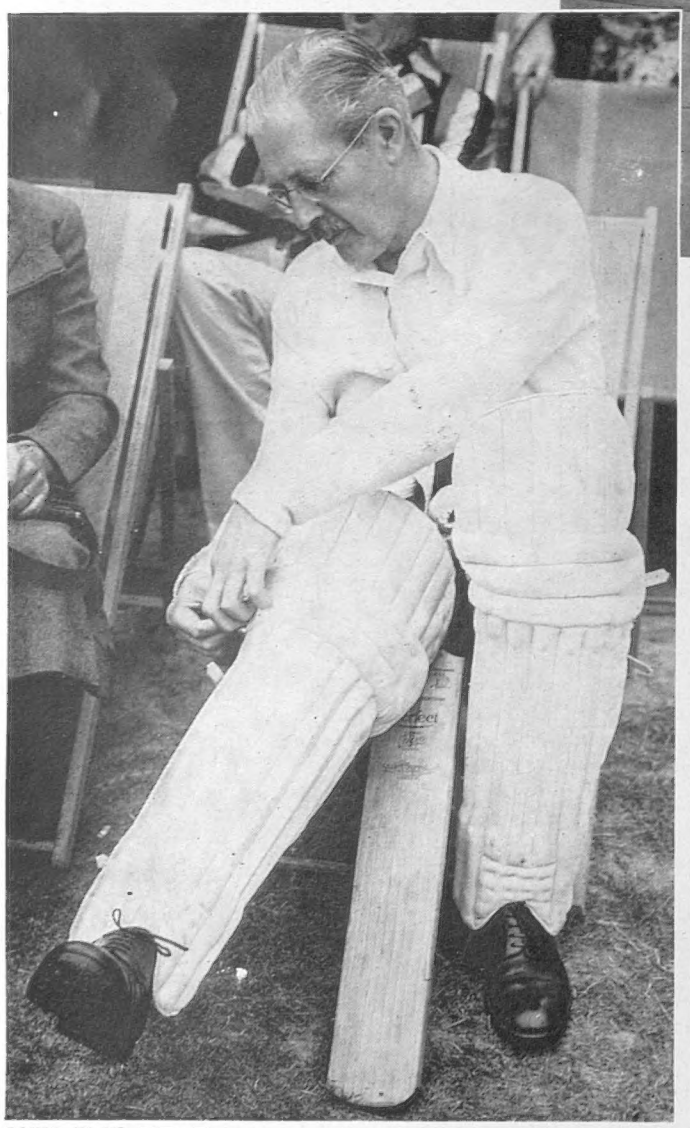
CAPTAIN HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.P., 1926: The new Prime Minister, who takes office within a month of his sixty-third birthday, first entered Parliament in 1924. At the age of forty-six he was given office as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply in the wartime Coalition Government. In the years between the wars his independent views had placed him on the left of conventional Conservative opinion. When the question of the withdrawal of sanctions against Italy arose in 1936 he voted against the Government and for a time refused the Government Whip. After some time as Under-Secretary for the Colonies he became Minister-Resident in Algiers in 1942 with General de Gaulle's Provisional Government. In 1951 he became Minister of Housing and Local Government. There followed two short periods in office, first as Minister of Defence and then as Foreign Secretary, before he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in December 1955.

On left—

THE PRIME MINISTER AND HIS WIFE: After serving in the Grenadier Guards during the First World War, in the course of which he was wounded three times and won the Military Cross, Mr. Macmillan became A.D.C. to the ninth Duke of Devonshire, at that time Governor-General of Canada. In 1920 he married the Duke's third daughter, Lady Dorothy Cavendish. They have a son, who sits in Parliament as M.P. for Halifax, and three daughters.

Below—

AS MINISTER OF HOUSING AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT: One of Mr. Macmillan's most notable personal triumphs was his tenure of office as Minister of Housing and Local Government. His fulfilment of his Party's election pledge to build 300,000 houses a year, an immense feat, earned him the reputation of an able planner and the gratitude of his own fellow-Conservatives.



GOING IN TO BAT: The new Prime Minister buckles on his pads before going in to bat during a match between teams representing the Politicians and the Stage held at East Grinstead in 1955.

ON THE STEPS OF NO. 11: As Chancellor of the Exchequer Mr. Macmillan leaves No. 11, Downing Street to present his 1956 Budget to the House of Commons. He became Chancellor in December 1955 in succession to Mr. Butler at a time when economic policy was under heavy criticism.

MISHAP, RIOT and DEBUT

A Pictorial Record of Incidents on Two Continents

On left—

A DRY-DOCK MISHAP AT HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY: The 16,844-ton Norwegian-American liner *Oslofjord* rests at an angle after tilting in her dry-dock. She was being lowered into the floating dry-dock for repairs and took on a list of more than 25 degs. as the dock sank beneath her. Police and firemen went to the aid of the ship and 200 members of the crew were taken off and given shelter ashore. Eight men were injured in the mishap. The vessel in the adjoining dry-dock was later reported to be listing slightly.

UPROAR DURING A PARIS BY-ELECTION: Demonstrators wreck chairs, start fires and throw tear-gas bombs at the Vélodrome d'Hiver in Paris, during a campaign meeting where M. Mendès-France, the Radical leader, was to have been one of the principal speakers. A Deputy began to speak against the Government's Algerian policy when right-wing rowdies broke up the meeting. They were ejected by police, but not before most of the audience had fled.

On right—

A BRITISH WOMAN RESCUED IN THE ALPS: With her feet wrapped up in blankets, Mrs. Lilian Jowett, the wife of a Sunderland surgeon, is carried to safety by rescuers after being found exhausted and frost-bitten in the Savoy Alps, near Morgins. She met with an accident while seeking a ski-ing party of which her husband was a member, and lay for twenty-four hours in the snow. She was taken to a hospital in Geneva.

AN AMERICAN ROTOR-CYCLE MAKES ITS DEBUT: The Marines' XROE-1 one-man portable helicopter is seen during a demonstration flight by the U.S. Marines at the Hiller Helicopter's plant at Palo Alto, California. Weighing less than 250 lb., it is powered by a Nelson 4-cylinder opposed, 2-cycle, air-cooled engine manufactured by Barmotive Products. The machine can be dismantled to form a small package for easy transportation or for dropping by parachute. It is claimed that the helicopter can be reassembled by one person in less than ten minutes. Among the possible uses of the new helicopter are liaison work and observation duties.

ON THE ADEN FRONTIER

The Scene of Recent Clashes Between Protectorate Forces and Yemeni Tribesmen

Sporadic fighting on the borders between Aden and the Yemen is nothing new to the military authorities in the Protectorate, who for many years have had to face the problems of a vaguely-defined frontier and the feuds of the warlike tribes living there. But in recent weeks the border raids have developed in intensity and scale. It would appear that the Yemen is using this increase in the customary frontier skirmishes as a pretext for a propaganda campaign against Great Britain in the hope that this country can be further embarrassed in the Middle East and in the United Nations. It is, however, significant in view of the internal political struggles in the Yemen that by far the most active instigator of this anti-British propaganda is the Yemen Ambassador in Cairo and not the Imam's Government. Reports of the abrogation of the Anglo-Yemen Treaty of 1934 and of the 1951 Agreement also came from the Yemen Embassy in the Egyptian capital. Despite her treaty of friendship with Egypt, the Yemen did not sever the English treaty in November at the time of the Allied landings in the Canal Zone.

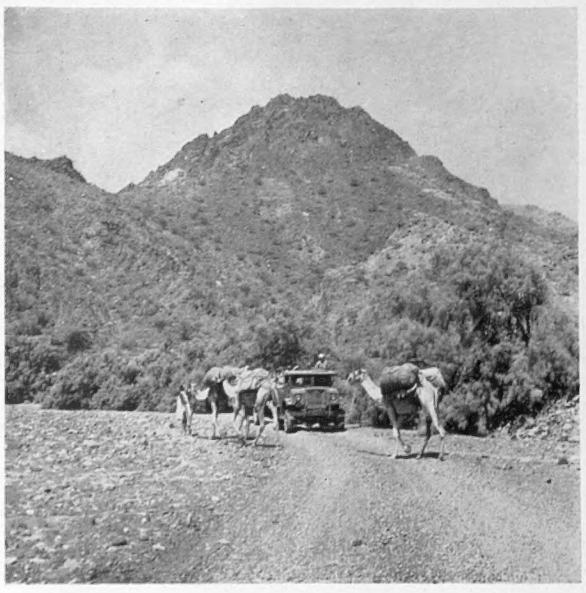
Most of the recent activity along the border seems to have been caused by dissident tribesmen, but there are reports of Yemeni regular troops being engaged in certain cases. The British military authorities in Aden have used air strikes with Venom jet aircraft to check some of the more flagrant violations of the frontier where it seemed that any operation on a large scale was in danger of developing.

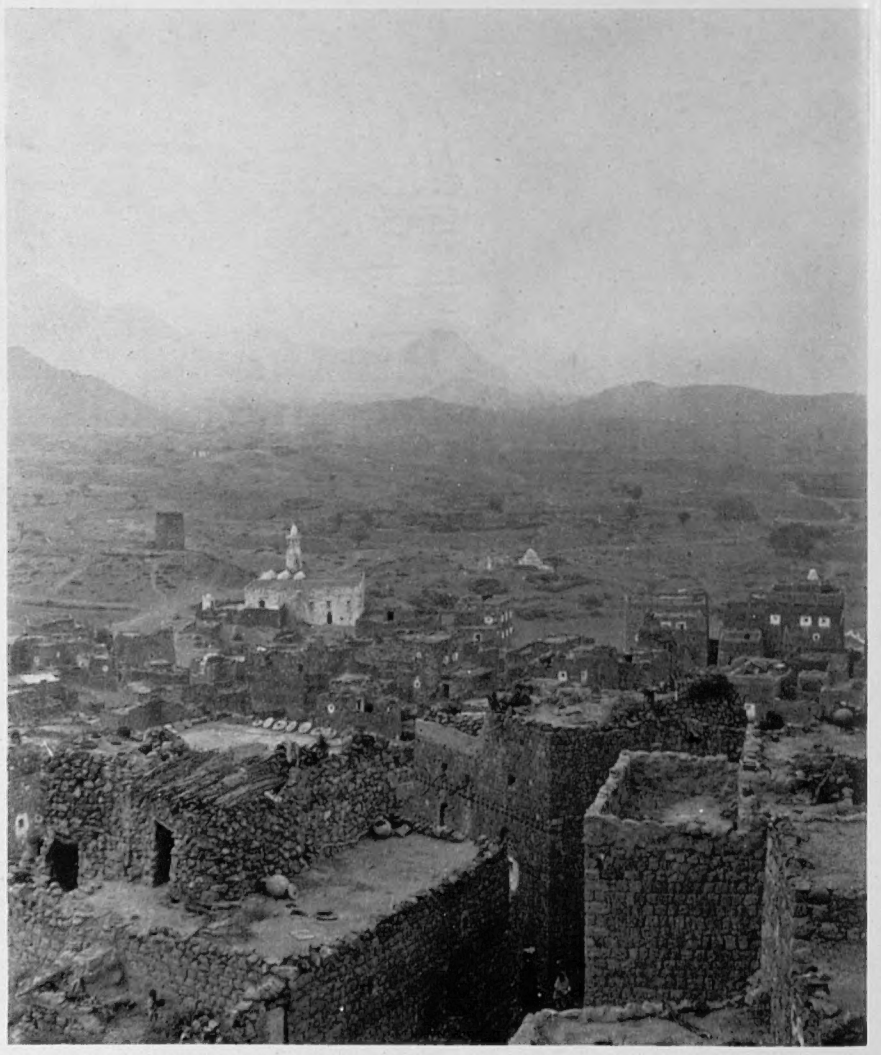
BRITISH LEVIES NEAR THE PROTECTORATE FRONTIER: A force of native levies marches across rough country while undergoing a basic training course near Dhala, across the border from the Yemen. These native troops, who are commanded by British officers of the R.A.F. Regiment, have been bearing the brunt of the recent actions against the raids of marauding tribesmen from the neighbouring Arab state.

THE KYREBA PASS, ADEN: In the distance of one mile this rocky pass rises some 5,000 ft. The landscape bears a marked similarity to that of the North-West Frontier in India, and the continual prowling inroads of hostile tribesmen, who raid across the border, create the same problems which had to be faced by the military authorities in that area.

On right—

THE ROAD AT AL MILAH: A military convoy is halted on the road at Al Milah as an Arab camel-driver crosses with his beasts.





DHALA ON THE BORDER: This Arab town is the capital of the small state of Dhala and is ruled by an Emir, who is assisted in his duties by a British Political Officer. The town lies ten miles inside the Western Protectorate border at the end of the road from Aden in an area where the Yemeni raids have been noticeably increased in recent weeks.

ON THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT MONASTERY ABOVE THE HIDING PLACE OF THE SCROLLS : The two men are standing among the ruins at Qumran, in Jordan, of what were once the buildings of a settlement of a religious order. Behind them is the Dead Sea. Below the site are caves in which a number of scrolls were discovered ten years ago. They are regarded as most important Biblical "finds," being additions to books of the Old Testament. Some of the scrolls are still being deciphered.

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

The Hiding Place of Biblical Treasure by the Shores of the Sea

It is claimed, with justification, that the Dead Sea Scrolls—the now-famous collection of parchment and bronze scrolls—are the largest and most important Biblical "find" for many years. Leading scholars are concerned in deciphering their content and many technical experts have assisted them in making this task possible.

The Scrolls are regarded as additions to the Book of Genesis and other parts of the Old Testament. Their interpretation and significance is exciting to students of the Bible—Christian and Jewish—the world over.

Perhaps to the layman the most fascinating aspect of the story is the way in which the Scrolls were found. Like many a great discovery, it was entirely fortuitous. In 1947 nomadic Arabs (according to some reports it was a single shepherd boy) found a number of curious objects in caves by the shores of the Dead Sea. These turned out to be scrolls and fragments of scrolls in parchment or bronze. Again, as so often happens in cases of this sort, their significance was not at first appreciated. But later both Jordanian and Israeli scholars realised that the Scrolls contained precious wealth and set to work to decipher their meaning.

It would appear that about 2,000 years ago a religious order founded a community on the site by the Dead Sea. Its members copied out various scriptural writings. Perhaps it was when the Romans occupied Judea that the Scrolls were hidden in the caves below the monastery. At all events there seems to be general agreement that they lay there for the best part of two millennia, until their discovery ten years ago. Now it is realised that the barren rocks in the Kingdom of Jordan were treasuring through the centuries much valuable knowledge on the origins of Christianity.

GUARDING THE ANCIENT RUINS: The Arab is on guard at the monastery site in Qumran. It is believed that the members of the religious order copied the scrolls from scriptural manuscripts, possibly as long as 2,000 years ago.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE HIDING PLACE: The two small holes in the rock lead to the caves where nomadic Arabs came by chance on the scrolls of leather and bronze. One theory is that they were hidden by monks of the monastery in the caves for safety during the Roman occupation of Judea.

DR. SCHWEITZER'S HOSPITAL VILLAGE OF LAMBARENE, IN FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA: Native patients of the Alsatian missionary and physician wait for treatment in the narrow streets of the village. Dr. Schweitzer, who is eighty-two this month, has devoted his life to the care of the lepers of Central Africa. This vocation, together with his studies in philosophy and music and his scriptural works, has brought him world-wide fame. In 1955 he was invested with the Order of Merit.

SCHWEITZER IN AFRICA

The "Great European" is Eighty-two this Month

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, whose fight against leprosy and tropical diseases in French Equatorial Africa has earned him the gratitude of countless thousands of Africans, celebrates his eighty-second birthday this month. Despite his age, he is still active in the hospital village of Lambaréné, which he founded in Central Africa in 1913 after abandoning a brilliant academic career.

Educated at the universities of Paris, Berlin and Strasbourg, Dr. Schweitzer later became Principal of the Theological Faculty and Professor of Religious Philosophy at the last-named university. One of the greatest of European musicians, he was organist to the Bach Society of Paris from 1902 to 1912 and won international recognition as one of the finest interpreters of the music of Bach. His study of the works of this composer is still one of the world authorities on the subject. In 1905, while still a young man, he left his position at Strasbourg University in order to study medicine. Having graduated as a doctor, he became a volunteer medical missionary in the Gabun Province of French Equatorial Africa in 1913.

Since devoting his life to the African lepers, Dr. Schweitzer has returned only rarely to Europe and then only to plead for more funds for his hospital. During these infrequent visits he gives organ recitals and attends to the administration of his European headquarters, which is established in the house which he built at Gunsbach, in Alsace, between the wars. The house also serves as a rest home for the nurses and doctors of Lambaréné, where they can recuperate after the rigours of a tour in an equatorial climate. During Dr. Schweitzer's visits to Gunsbach the house is visited by large numbers of well-wishers of all denominations and creeds. His "holidays" in Europe are as busy as his working days in Africa. It was during his visit in 1955 that he came to London to be received by the Queen in Buckingham Palace and invested with the Order of Merit.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST INTERPRETERS OF BACH: Dr. Schweitzer plays at the small harmonium which he has installed at Lambaréné.

A SIMPLE HOME IN CENTRAL AFRICA: This wooden building is the home that Dr. Schweitzer has built for himself in his hospital village. On the steps his tame pelican waits to be fed while the missionary speaks to some patients.

SIR ANTHONY'S RESIGNATION

Scenes which Led to the Unexpected and Dramatic News of his Departure from Office

THE JOURNEY TO SANDRINGHAM : Sir Anthony and Lady Eden wait at Liverpool Street in the train for Sandringham on January 8. It is not usual for Ministers to see the Sovereign at Sandringham, and there was speculation about the journey. It was generally thought the Prime Minister was planning important changes in his Cabinet. Few anticipated his resignation.

THE QUEEN IN LONDON : Her Majesty drives to Buckingham Palace from Sandringham on January 9. The news that the Queen had broken her New Year holiday and returned suddenly to London was clear indication that political developments were of great significance.

ON THE WAY TO TENDER HIS RESIGNATION : The Prime Minister leaves Downing Street by car for Buckingham Palace. After tendering his resignation to the Queen, Sir Anthony issued a statement in which he said that he had resigned for reasons of health. A bulletin signed by four doctors declared that "In our opinion his health will no longer enable him to sustain the heavy burdens inseparable from the office of Prime Minister." Sir Anthony became Prime Minister in April 1955.

©

THE CAREER OF SIR ANTHONY EDEN

Foreign Policy has been His Principal Metier in Thirty-three Years in Parliament

ENTRY INTO POLITICS: Mr. Robert Anthony Eden was twenty-six in 1923 when he was elected M.P. for Warwick and Leamington.

A MEETING WITH HITLER: In March 1935, in the Chancellery, in Berlin, the German leader entertains Sir John Simon, t Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Eden, the Lord Privy Seal. This was one of Eden's many journeys in the 1930's. Successive Foreign Under-Secretary, Lord Privy Seal and Minister for League of Nations Affairs, he became Foreign Secretary in 19

MASTER AND PUPIL: Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden walk to the House of Commons in August 1939. The latter had resigned from the Foreign Office in 1938 and joined Mr. Churchill in his anti-German policy.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR: Mr. Eden in Northern Ireland in July 1940. Soon Mr. Churchill, who had just begun his great Premiership, invited him to return to the Foreign Office.

AT THE POTSDAM CONFERENCE: The Fore conference of the victorious Allies is Marshal Stalin and to the left

The eleven Prime Ministers who preceded Sir Anthony Eden in this century resigned office from one of three causes : old age, political misfortune, or ill-health. Sir Anthony now joins the last category.

As foreign politics made him, so, it would seem, foreign politics have broken him. It is said that when he was at Oxford, after serving with the infantry in the Great War, his tutor forecast that he would be Foreign Secretary before he was forty. As soon as he entered Parliament in 1923, he started to specialise in external affairs. First Imperial matters drew his attention, and one result of this was his only book of size—*Places in the Sun*. Then, in 1926, Sir Austen Chamberlain, the Foreign Secretary, took him as his Parliamentary Private Secretary. Thus began the apprenticeship for the career which has been unique in its distinction in international affairs. Eden's remarkable story spans several epochs in the European Chancelleries.

When Ramsay MacDonald formed his National Coalition in 1931, young Mr. Eden was the obvious choice for the Under-Secretaryship at the Foreign Office. Three years later Baldwin promoted him Lord Privy Seal—in effect he was what would now be called Minister of State at the Foreign Office. His position was strengthened when he was awarded a specially-created portfolio in 1935—Minister for League of Nations Affairs.

In these two or three years he had become a national and international figure. He appealed to people far outside his own party and even his own country. He was young, he represented the anti-war feelings of his generation, he could speak from first-hand knowledge of the mud and slaughter in Flanders, where he had been decorated for courage. Above all, he was regarded as the champion of collective security and the League of Nations. As his elegant and very English figure travelled about the Continent, visiting Hitler, Mussolini, Stali and the heads of other States, people saw in him guarantee of their desire for peace and order.

In 1935, Sir Samuel Hoare, the Foreign Secretar resigned as a result of his pact with the French Minist Laval. Eden became Foreign Secretary at the age thirty-eight. He was the prime mover in the sanctio against Mussolini during the Italian invasion of Abyssini Although the sanctions policy failed, it was in many wa a splendid failure.

He perhaps reached the zenith of the first part his career by his resignation from the Foreign Office. H went in 1938 on the question of his own principles again Chamberlain's expediency.

In the " wilderness," Winston Churchill had for lo been crying of the dangers of the Government poli towards the dictators. He now found a ready pu and ally in Eden

IN THE SURROUNDINGS WHERE HIS BEST WORK HAS BEEN DONE: Mr. Eden sits at his desk in the Foreign Secretary's room in the Foreign Office, in Whitehall, in autumn 1951, when he became Foreign Secretary for the third time.

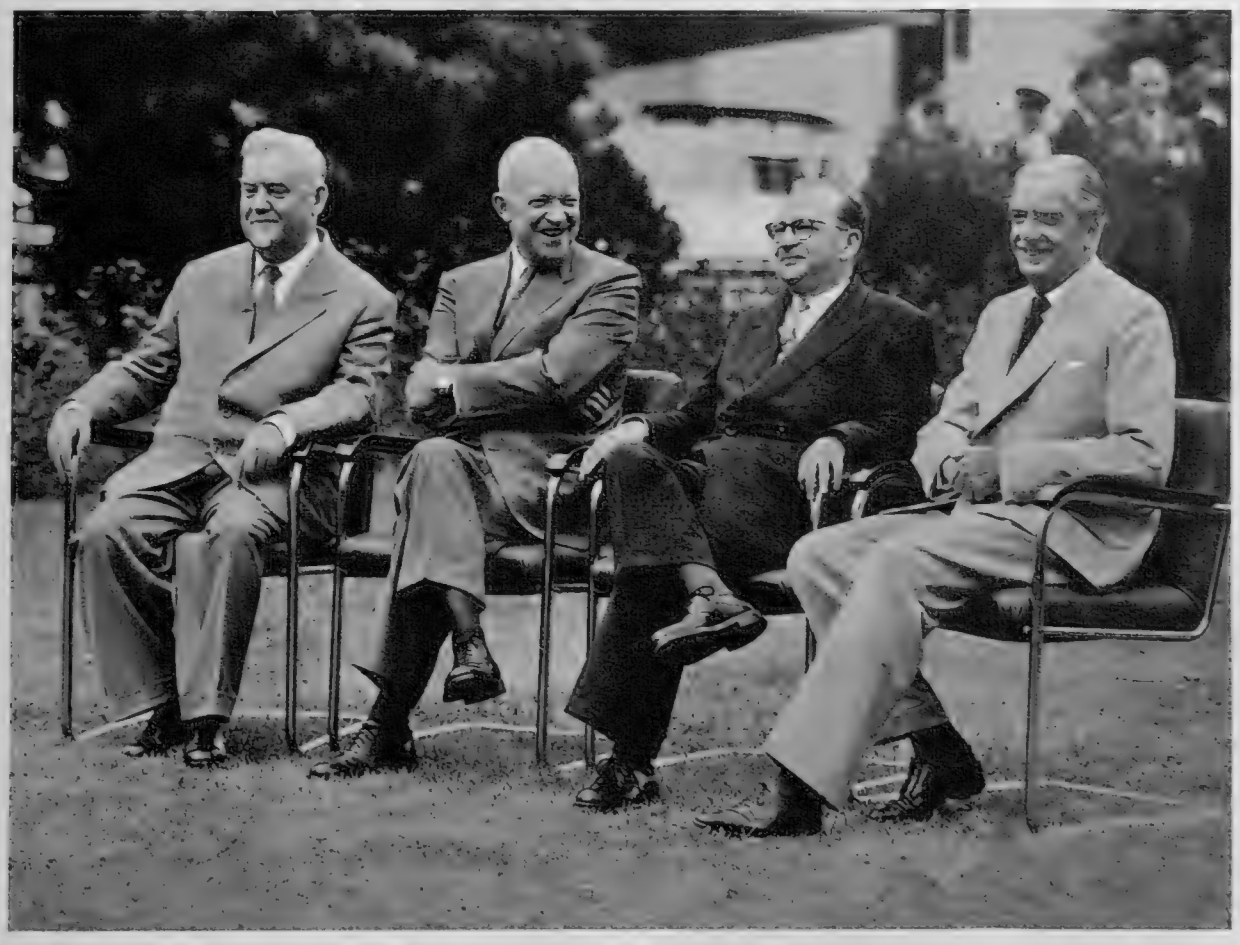
SECOND MARRIAGE: After his wedding in 1952, with his bride, the former Miss Clarissa Churchill, niece of Sir Winston Churchill.

PRIME MINISTER: Sir Anthony Eden, recently made a K.G., sets out for his audience with the Queen at which he succeeded Sir Winston Churchill as Prime Minister in April two years ago.

On left—
VICTORIOUS LEADER: Sir Anthony and Lord Woolton congratulate each other in the Conservative headquarters as news comes in of the party's 1955 victory.

Below—
THE 1955 "SUMMIT": In a garden in Geneva are Marshal Bulganin, Mr. Eisenhower, M. Faure and Sir Anthony. They were meeting at the "Summit" conference.

Secretary turns to face the camera at the post-war Potsdam, outside Berlin, in 1945. Directly beyond him Mr. Molotov. A few days later Eden lost office.



Eden was Dominions Secretary in Chamberlain's wartime Cabinet. When Churchill succeeded to the highest office in the dark days of 1940, Eden was first War Secretary and then very soon Foreign Secretary. In a war of alliances his role was one of the hardest. It was often due to him that friction was avoided among the various Allies and the best relations maintained. The general direction of all policy was in the hands of the Prime Minister. Eden, who was rapidly becoming Churchill's right-hand man, brought his own experience to the interpretation of his chief's directions. Particularly, the champion of collective security looked ahead to the end of hostilities and planned a new system for international concord.

For the six years from 1945 Churchill was the Leader of the Opposition and Eden was his deputy. For the first time in his career the latter was able to turn from foreign to domestic matters, and on these topics he showed considerable grasp. On the Conservative victory in 1951, he inevitably returned for the third time to the Foreign Office.

Korea, the Anglo-Persian oil dispute, the European Defence Community—these and many other problems demanded his attention and he dealt with them with his accustomed and expected diplomatic skill. Still comparatively young, he could well be termed the "father" of international politics. But he was also an outstanding national leader, and on Churchill's retirement from No. 10, Downing Street, his succession was automatic.

Eden's tenure of the Premiership from April 1955 to January 1957 is overshadowed by the Suez crisis. It will long be a subject for controversy among historians, but until more of the facts are known speculation on its rights and wrongs is idle. However, it does seem unlikely that the man who had devoted his life to collective security would throw over the principle unless he was profoundly convinced from his great experience that its weaknesses could not meet the particular situation created by Nasser's Egypt. Also, it should not be forgotten that the Eden Premiership has been notable for some domestic legislation and, in foreign affairs, for the attempt to reach better relations with Russia by means of the "Summit" talks.

Even before he became Prime Minister Sir Anthony's health had severely suffered from the stresses and strains to which he had so long subjected himself. It would now appear that the serious operation which he underwent in 1953 has left its permanent mark. He has announced his retirement from the Commons. His health must be allowed to be the prime consideration in shaping his future. However, it is indeed to be hoped he will be able to make available in some capacity his great experience in international affairs.

FAREWELL TO SIR ANTHONY

Ministers of the Eden Cabinet say Good-bye to their Chief

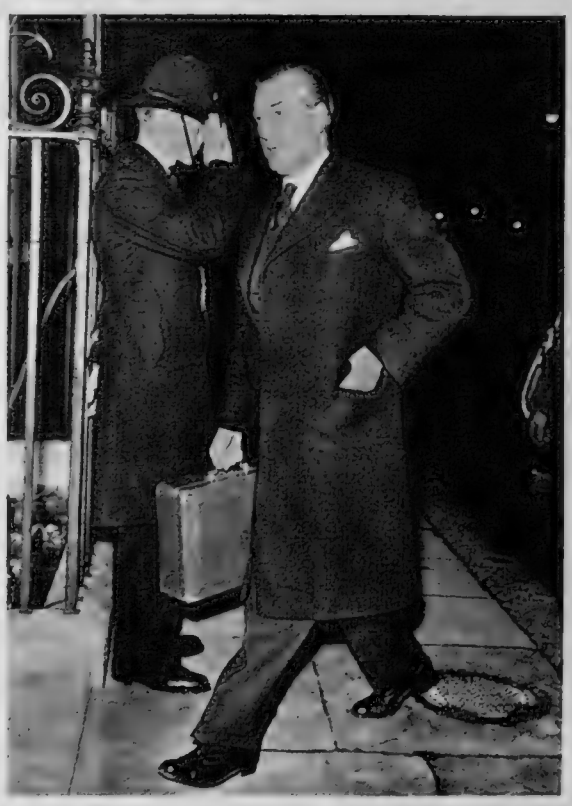
The suddenness of Sir Anthony Eden's resignation added to its drama. On the afternoon of January 9 he returned to London from Sandringham, where he had spent the night. At five o'clock in the evening the Cabinet met for a quarter of an hour. Next, the Ministers not in the Cabinet arrived to see Sir Anthony. Then the Prime Minister drove to Buckingham Palace and handed over his seals of office.

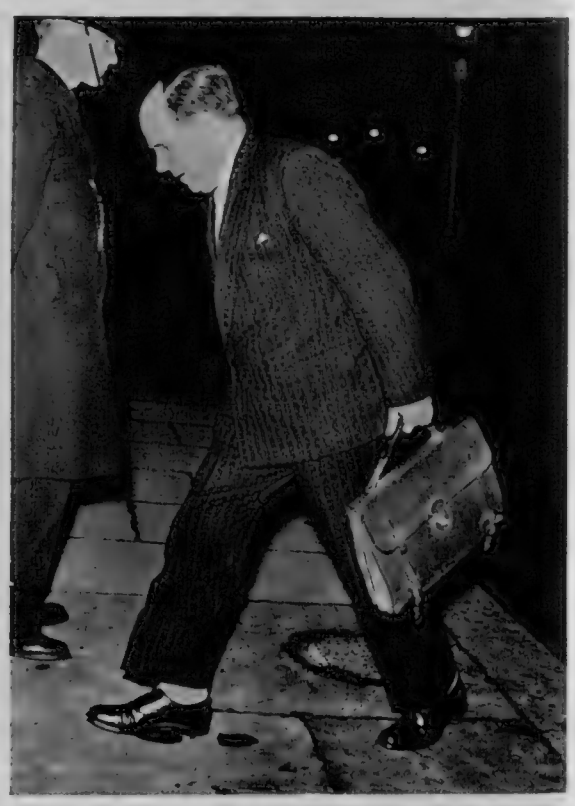
Things had happened so unexpectedly and quickly that the public hardly had time to appreciate that history was being made. It was not until Sir Anthony was leaving for the Palace that a sizeable crowd had collected in Downing Street. About an hour later the sightseers saw Mr. Harold Macmillan, accompanied by his wife and daughter, leave No. 11, Downing Street (the Chancellor of the Exchequer's residence), and walk across Whitehall to Whitehall Court to visit Lord Woolton.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS BEFORE BECOMING PREMIER: Mr. Harold Macmillan, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, gestures to photographers as he arrives for Sir Anthony Eden's last Cabinet meeting. The next day he became Premier.

MR. BUTLER AFTER THE NEWS OF SIR ANTHONY'S RESIGNATION: He is leaving his house in Westminster on the morning following the day on which the Prime Minister's resignation was announced. He was widely tipped to be Premier.

SIR ANTHONY'S LAST CABINET MEETING—ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES: *Left*—Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Housing and Local Government, steps from his car at No. 10, Downing Street for the Cabinet meeting on the evening of January 9. *Centre*—Mr. Lloyd-George, the Home Secretary, arrives for the meeting. *Right*—Mr. Selwyn Lloyd leaves after the meeting. Having taken farewell of the senior members of his Government, Sir Anthony saw the other Ministers not in the Cabinet. Then he drove to Buckingham Palace and tendered his resignation. He returned to Downing Street and soon afterwards left for Chequers with Lady Eden.





THREE MINISTERS IN THE OUTGOING CABINET: *Left*—Lord Kilmuir, the Lord Chancellor. *Centre*—Sir David Eccles, Minister of Education. *Right*—Mr. Iain MacLeod, Minister of Labour. They are seen arriving at Downing Street for the farewell Cabinet meeting. All members were present except Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, and the Earl of Selkirk, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, who were abroad, and Mr. James Stuart, Secretary for Scotland, who was in his constituency. In submitting his own resignation, Sir Anthony Eden, in accordance with constitutional practice, collectively tendered the resignations of all members of his administration.

THE TRAPPED VESSELS HEAD FOR THE OPEN SEA: The Soviet merchant vessel *Poti* passes some of the United Nations salvage ships as she makes her way through Port Said harbour on her way to the Mediterranean. The *Poti* was one of the ships which have been stranded in the Canal for two months because of the blocking of the waterway. *Below*—The Norwegian tanker *Hektoria* passes the old Suez Canal Company building at Port Said. All the trapped ships had formed part of a southward-bound convoy.

TRAPPED VESSELS LEAVE THE CANAL

Thirteen Ships Sail Out into the Mediterranean

The thirteen ships which were trapped in the Suez Canal at the time of the Egyptian sabotage have now sailed out into the Mediterranean after two months' enforced isolation in the blocked waterway. All the vessels were taken out in a convoy led by an Egyptian pilot. They travelled under their own power at a faster speed than is usually allowed in the Canal in order that they could clear Port Said the same day. Before the convoy could move off, all the ships, the majority of which were tankers, had to be laboriously turned round, since they had formed part of a southward-bound convoy at the time of the blocking. The speed of the convoy was 10 knots in the cleared stretches of the waterway, but the average speed was considerably less, due to the delicate navigation needed where obstacles blocked the shipping lane. The Egyptian Canal Authority stated that since the waterway would have to be dredged in any case, "we are allowing the ships to go out as fast as they can." The first vessel to reach the open sea was the 11,110-ton Norwegian tanker *Eli Knudsen*. After her came the tanker *Statue of Liberty*, 22,610 tons, which was sailing under the Liberian flag. Her captain gave long blasts on the ship's siren as the tanker made her way through Port Said.

THE ART OF CHEESE-MAKING

In the Past English Farmers Produced a Variety of Fine Cheeses; To-day Steps are Being Taken to Revive this Almost Forgotten Art

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

PERIODICALLY, for some months past now, a young man with a Whitehall voice and an impressive official manner has appeared on Independent Television to assure us that English Cheddar and Cheshire cheeses are in the shops now and that at to-day's prices they are excellent value. Furthermore, the English Country Cheese Council has produced a little pamphlet, beautifully illustrated in colour, advertising a large variety of English cheeses. Even in the restaurant cars on British Railways—and the restaurant branch of British Railways is not renowned for its initiative—you may sometimes see a smaller, but most tastefully produced, pamphlet extolling the merits of English cheeses. As a cheese addict, I am all in favour of this campaign. I should be still more in favour if I could get the cheeses.

Of course, you can get Cheddar and Cheshire cheeses in the shops. But you may be quite sure that the Cheddar does not come from Cheddar and almost certainly not even from Somerset, while it is very unlikely that the Cheshire comes from Cheshire. They are not, therefore, strictly speaking, Cheddar or Cheshire cheeses, but cheeses of Cheddar-type or Cheshire-type. This may seem to be splitting a hair—and, of course, it is perfectly true that for the last hundred years by far the greater part of the "Cheddar" eaten in this country (and more "Cheddar" is eaten than any other sort of cheese: "Cheddar" and "Cheese" are pretty well synonymous to the average Englishman) has not been made at Cheddar or even in Somerset: most of it, in fact, has been imported —but it is a very important hair, as everyone who has ever tasted farmhouse Cheddar or Cheshire cheese will agree.

Cheddar cheese was certainly made at Cheddar on a large scale about 200 years ago. It was then the custom for a number of farmers to join their milk together—half of them providing the evening milk and half the morning milk—and to employ cheese-makers, who used a process which had been handed down from time immemorial. The cheeses were then left to mature from two to five years, according to their size. They became very famous, not only for their flavour (which was nutty, as is a genuine farmhouse Cheddar to-day), but also because they improved with the passage of time, a quality not then possessed by the majority of farmhouse cheeses.

It was the Industrial Revolution that, to all intents and purposes, killed the genuine old-fashioned farmhouse Cheddar cheese. I do not mean by that that, once the Industrial Revolution was in full swing, genuine farmhouse Cheddar cheese ceased to be made. That was not so: it continued to be made on a fairly considerable, though steadily decreasing, scale. What happened was that it ceased to be widely sold. By the middle of the last century the demand for liquid milk had increased enormously, particularly in the industrial districts of the Midlands and the North, and this, of course, affected farmhouse cheese production severely and also put up the price of the finished article.

As a result we began to import American "Cheddar." To this day more than 80 per cent. of the cheese eaten in the United States is "Cheddar." This is a cheese made by very much the same process as the original farmhouse Cheddar (presumably the process had crossed the Atlantic with some emigrant cheese-maker), but made in factories in huge quantities and from all sorts of different milks. What emerged from these American cheese-factories was a standardised product, which bore a superficial resemblance to Cheddar cheese, and which could be sold at a much lower price. Enormous quantities of this American Cheddar—something in the nature of 30,000 tons a year between 1860 and 1875—were imported, and most of the people who ate it honestly believed that they were eating genuine Cheddar cheese from Somerset.

The British farmer, naturally, did not like seeing the cheese market going to America. Cheese factories were started in this country—the first was, I believe, founded at Derby in 1870, the manager being an American expert imported at great expense—and within ten years there were more than a dozen.

None of them survived the great depression of the '80's. The farmers, who had co-operated in founding the cheese-factories, wanted to have their cake and eat it; to supply liquid milk for immediate consumption in the towns *and* milk for the cheese-factories, with the inevitable result that the quality of the milk supplied to the factories suffered. This policy (if it can be dignified by such a title) was adopted at just the time when Australia, Canada and New Zealand joined the United States as great exporters of "Cheddar" cheese. This new competition was altogether too much. In 1880 more than 88,000 tons of cheese, practically all of it "Cheddar," were imported. And to this day we import much more "Cheddar" than we make.

The story of Cheshire cheese is not quite so important. So far as I know, no "Cheshire" cheese is imported. It is all made in England, and that at least is something. Even so, from the point of view of a cheese addict—and a Cheshire cheese addict at that—the story of the true Cheshire cheese is a gloomy story of decline. I have not all the figures by me—I have not, in fact, tried to get them—but I know that in 1930 more than 1,200 farms in Cheshire were devoting almost the whole of their milk production to the making of cheese, and that their annual output was in the neighbourhood of 20,000 tons. By 1939 there were only 400 farms in the county making cheese and the annual output had shrunk to less than 5,000 tons. At the end of the war, in 1945, there were only fifty farms in the county making cheese. And I believe that this is, roughly, the figure to-day.

THREE STAGES IN THE MAKING OF DOUBLE GLOUCESTER CHEESE: *Left*—Mrs. Albert Browning, of Actrees Farm, near Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, stirs the curds and whey in a vat. Eventually the whey will be drawn off, leaving solid curd. *Centre*—The blocks of pressed curd are ground through a Cheshire mill. *Right*—Pressure is applied to a mould in a cheese press. Double Gloucester is known by its mild, full flavour, close texture and rich cream colour. It is one of the many excellent English farmhouse cheeses.

Yet to-day, in England, more Cheshire cheese is made than any other variety, including Cheddar: in fact, much more. Obviously, it is not all made in Cheshire: indeed, much more is made outside the county than in it. In other words, most of the Cheshire cheese that we buy is not true Cheshire cheese, but cheese of Cheshire-type. Again, you may think that I am splitting a hair: again, I must point out that it is an important hair.

Cheese is made from milk. All cows do not give the same quality of milk. There is a very considerable difference in quality between breed and breed. The average percentage of water and fat in the milk varies very considerably from breed to breed. For example, the milk of Jerseys is 85 per cent. water and 5.2 per cent. fat; that of Ayrshires is 86.9 per cent. water and 4.1 per cent. fat; that of Friesians is 87.5 per cent. water and 5.3 per cent. fat. It is evident that this must make a great difference to cheese-making: it is obvious that you will make a much richer cheese from Jersey milk than you will from Friesian milk.

But milk not only differs from breed to breed, it also differs a little from herd to herd and particularly between herds of the same breed from different parts of the country. All sorts of factors—climate, the type of soil grazed, and so forth—affect the quality of the milk. And this, inevitably, makes a great difference to the quality of the cheese.

It has been said—with absolute truth—that Cheshire cheese can only be made in Cheshire and nowhere else. You can, of course, take an expert Cheshire cheese-maker, a man with years of experience and the specialised technique at his fingertips, and dump him down anywhere in the country. But he will not make Cheshire cheese: he will make cheese of a Cheshire type, no more than that. He cannot make Cheshire cheese, because the very special flavour of a true Cheshire cheese is due to a particular quality in the Cheshire grazings.

But to-day "Cheshire" cheese is made from Cornwall to Cumberland, from Dorset to Yorkshire, from Carmarthen to Nottingham, and in a good many other places for all I know. Moreover, most of it is, of course, made in factories, where the milk of many different breeds from many different soils is mixed up together. Most of the Cheshire we buy nowadays is as far removed from a true farmhouse Cheshire as is chalk from cheese.

Now, the Milk Marketing Board knows this very well. They have done their best to encourage farmers to produce fine quality farmhouse cheeses. Obviously there will never be a return to farmhouse cheese-making on a really large scale, for economic conditions are all against it. The demand for liquid milk is constant, the labour involved is pretty small, and the price is guaranteed. Many farmers, especially the smaller ones, live on the monthly milk cheque. This is a situation that has come to stay. All the same the Milk Marketing Board, through the Cheese Council, has encouraged something of a return to farmhouse cheese-making. There are now, I believe, rather more than 150 farmers making farmhouse cheese. Moreover, the Milk Marketing Board now brands farmhouse cheese, which is sold under a distinctive trademark: three cheeses in a pyramid over a black background, encircled by a light blue band bearing the words "Real Farmhouse Cheese." This is grand. But how often have you seen this trademark in the shops in your town?

Obviously not very often, for the simple reason that there is not a great deal of farmhouse cheese made at the moment. But what of the factory cheeses? Cheddar (most of it imported) and Cheshire, yes. But the beautifully illustrated pamphlet to which I have already referred mentions also: Stilton, Lancashire, Caerphilly, Leicester, Wensleydale, Gloucester, Dorset Blue Vinny and Derby. Stilton we all know as a rather expensive luxury at Christmas. (The last Stilton I had came from a factory in Dorset, and was, in fact, excellent.) But when did you last have any Dorset Blue Vinny?

I have just made a tour of seven leading and famous grocers in London in search of Dorset Blue Vinny. Not only did I get none, but four of the five I visited had not heard of it and thought that I must mean Danish Blue! To take another example, Derby. If you live outside the Midlands when did you last have Derby cheese? Has your local grocer ever heard of it.

I have the misfortune to travel a great deal on the main line "expresses" of British Railways, and I have read the other pamphlet to which I have referred on a number of occasions with great interest and anticipation. I have then looked at the cheese board, and found the usual assortment of Cheddar, Cheshire, Danish Blue and "processed cheese." Just once there was a rather weary piece of Wensleydale. And on another occasion there was a tired remnant of Leicester.

But you can get these cheeses; all of them except Stilton and Dorset Blue Vinny. You can get them all (but not, of course, every day) at the Cheese Bar at Waterloo Station. And one day, I have no doubt, I shall strike Dorset Blue Vinny there. But if at Waterloo Station, why not in the restaurant cars? And why not at good grocers? The grocer would probably take refuge in "regional taste." It is not, it seems to me, a question of regional taste, so much as one of lack of taste. And that is a matter of education. I hope that the English Country Cheese Council's pamphlet finally finds its way into the hands of every grocer in England—and that they will be able to satisfy the demand when they have, as they surely will have, excited it.

THE UNFINISHED CHURCH OF THE SAGRADA FAMILIA, IN BARCELONA: This picture of the almost completed east end of the church was taken from inside. Begun in the neo-Gothic style in 1882 the building was continued from 1891 by the Catalan architect Antonio Gaudí, but lapsed after his death in 1926. *On left*—Another view of the east end. Three such monumental fronts were provided for in Gaudí's original design.

A SPANISH CHURCH OF MANY TOWERS

Building of the Sagrada Familia in Barcelona is Resumed after 30 Years

The building of the uncompleted church of the Sagrada Familia (the Holy Family), which has long been a Barcelona landmark, has been resumed. Following an appeal for funds by the Archbishop of the diocese, sufficient money has been forthcoming to lay the foundations of the west front, which will symbolise Christ's Passion and Death. The Sagrada Familia was begun in 1882 in a neo-Gothic style but the plans were completely transformed in 1891 when the Catalan architect Antonio Gaudí took over the task. His vast design provided for three monumental fronts, each with four towers, some 350 ft. high, symbolising the Twelve Apostles. Only the east front was completed when Gaudí was killed in a street accident in 1926. After his death the building languished mainly through lack of funds. Now that the work has started again it is intended to keep as close to Gaudí's original design as possible. A plaster model of the church, which was smashed during the Spanish Civil War, has been painstakingly pieced together again and will serve as a guide to the new architects.

THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE ESSEX COUNTY BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL FARMERS' UNION : Agriculture House, at Chelmsford, was opened last week by Lady Turner, wife of Sir James Turner, president of the N.F.U. It replaces the old H.Q. building which was destined for demolition in connection with the development plan for the area. The new building is in red brick and Portland stone, and stands close to the site of Brierley Place, the home of the late J. O. Thompson, a former Mayor of Chelmsford, which was destroyed by bombing.

REPLACING THE 100-YEAR-OLD BRIDGE OVER THE LAKE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK, IN LONDON : The contractors prepare the way for lorries conveying materials to the site. Dams are also to be formed east and west of the bridge to form a dry bed for the work of dismantling and erection. The new bridge, which will have three spans, will be considerably lighter than the old and will be of pre-stressed concrete. The cost is being met by the bequest of an anonymous donor.

IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

Rebuilding and Restoration in London ; a New H.Q. for Farmers in Essex ; and the Last of The Oaks Mansion in Surrey

MORE REBUILDING IN THE HEART OF THE CITY OF LONDON: In the foreground of this panoramic view looking towards St. Paul's Cathedral is the site of the new *Financial Times* building, where erection work is now in progress by F. G. Minter Ltd. Beyond this new building is the site for Old Change House, the architect for which is Thomas H. Birks. On the right is the completed Gateway House, the headquarters of the Wiggins Teape Group, and on the left of the picture is the derelict Guild Church of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey. Close to St. Paul's is the shell of St. Augustine's Church, which will form part of the new buildings for the Cathedral Choir School.

On right—

AN HISTORIC LONDON RELIC IS BEING RESTORED: Scaffolding has been erected in front of the Water Gate in the Embankment Gardens at Charing Cross in preparation for repair work. Some of the stonework has fallen into disrepair and it is hoped that the repair work by the London County Council will restore the gate completely to its original state. The Water Gate is the last remaining relic of York House, the former palace of the Dukes of Buckingham. It was designed by Inigo Jones and built by Nicholas Stone in 1626. The stairs below the arch indicate the bank of the river prior to the building of the Victoria Embankment in the last century.

On left—

THE PASSING OF A SURREY MANSION: The Oaks mansion at Carshalton, in suburban Surrey, which gave its name to the Oaks Stakes, is being almost completely demolished. Standing in Oaks Park, it is owned by Carshalton Urban Council, who have been given permission for the demolition, and who have accepted a tender of £1,669 for the work. All that will remain of the fortress-like building will be the turreted south front of the east wing which might be used as a restaurant. A few years ago the Council planned to convert the building into a social centre with a café for visitors, as well as devoting a part of it to flats. But the scheme had to be abandoned owing to the huge cost involved. Also, the building had been damaged by bombs during the war. In 1778 the mansion was the property of the Earl of Derby, and it was during a dinner-party in the house at that time that the Earl and his guests decided to hold the race.

A HELICOPTER HELPS REPAIR A DAMAGED PIPELINE IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS: The machine prepares to land on the precipitous rocky slopes of the Cobbler, a mountain above Loch Long (in the background). Arrochar lies on the far shore. Slung beneath the helicopter are materials for the repair of a water pipeline on the mountainside.

FILLING THE BREACH BY AIR

A Helicopter Flies in Materials to Repair a Pipeline on a Scottish Mountain

Yet another example of the usefulness of the helicopter was demonstrated recently in Scotland, near Arrochar, in Dunbartonshire. A thousand feet up on the rocky, desolate flank of the Cobbler, a mountain above Loch Long, a water pipeline had been breached by a landslide. The water it carried from Loch Sloy had helped to provide electricity for the neighbourhood, but now, 4 per cent. of the power was draining away. A rough gradient of 1 in 2 made it extremely difficult to move the 11 tons of material needed to repair the pipe up to the site of the breach. The work had to be completed before the expected snowstorms struck. Local officials of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board decided that the only way to do the work in time was to employ a helicopter to transport the materials. Helicopter Services Ltd., a Derby firm, were engaged to move the cement, sand, gravel and timber up the mountainside with one of their Bell Agusta machines. Weather conditions made its flights difficult and hazardous. Powerful, conflicting and treacherous wind currents between lake and mountain flung the tiny helicopter about like a leaf. Starting from the football ground at Arrochar, it took fourteen loads up to the workmen waiting at the burst pipe. The average time taken for each trip to the spot was five minutes.

TAKING-OFF ON A HAZARDOUS TRIP: The helicopter leaves the Arrochar football ground with a load of 3 cwt. of cement. Violent and adverse winds made the task difficult and dangerous, but 11 tons of materials were carried up the Cobbler (in background) in fourteen trips, each taking an average of five minutes to reach its destination.

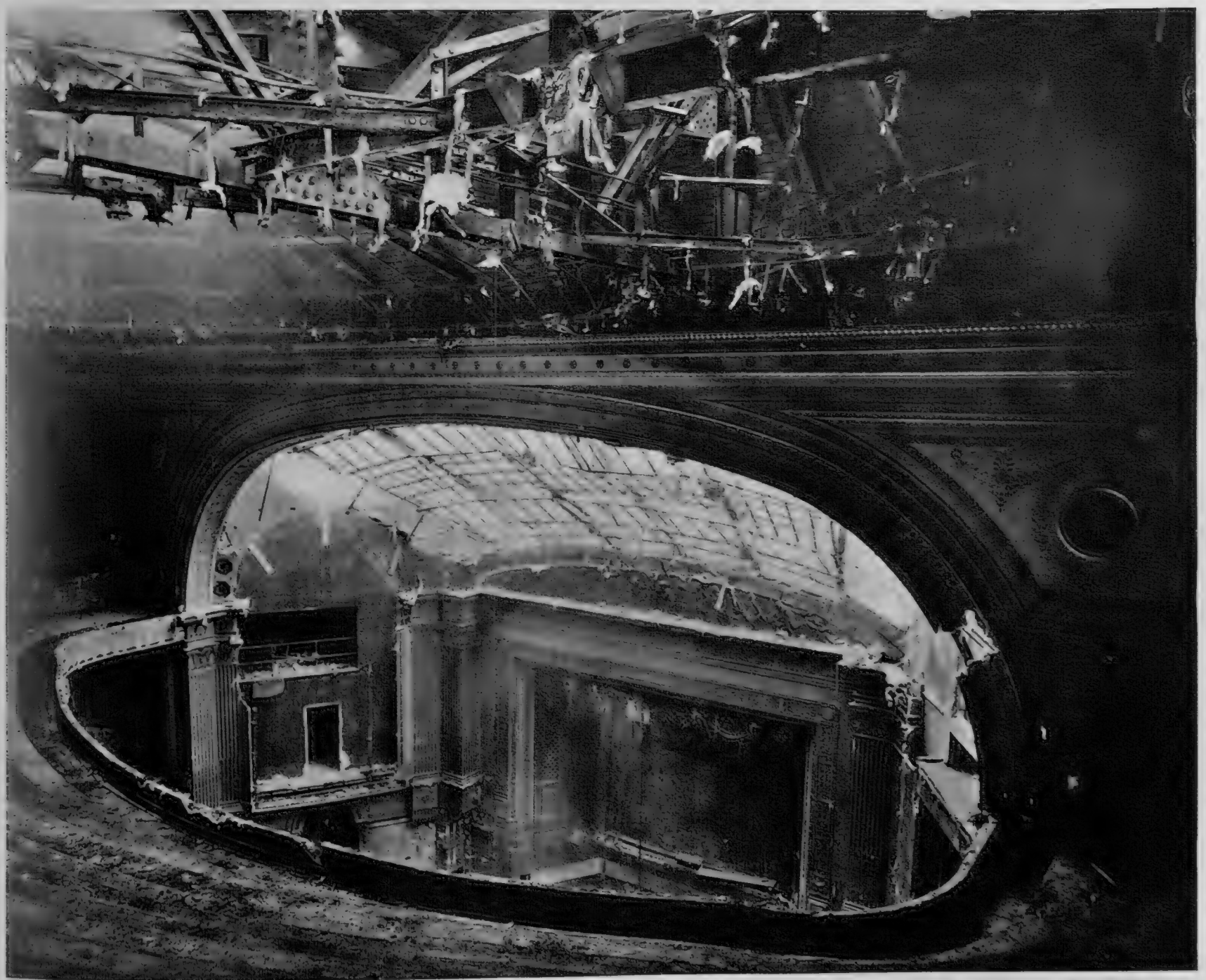
THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE: The pipeline lies broken in its inaccessible position 1,000 ft. up the slopes of the Cobbler. The water it carried from Loch Sloy provided power for making electricity, and while the pipeline was damaged, 4 per cent. of the output was being lost. Repairs had to be completed before the snows came.

THE PASSING OF THE TIVOLI

The Cinema in the Strand is Being Demolished to Make Way for a Modern Five-Storey Fashion Store

INSIDE THE DERELICT TIVOLI CINEMA, IN THE STRAND: *Left* and *right*—Work goes ahead on the demolition of the cinema which is to be replaced by a five-storey departmental store with basement and sub-basement. The cinema was built in 1923 to replace the old music-hall theatre which had stood on the same site since 1890. Prior to its close the cinema had been running at a loss.

The site of the Tivoli Cinema in the Strand has been associated with entertainment for nearly 100 years. In the 1860's it was used as a beer garden, and this was succeeded in 1890 by the celebrated music-hall which was, in turn, replaced by the cinema in 1923. Although the cinema was, no doubt, well supported between the wars, it had been running at a loss for the last few years and was finally closed last autumn. Peter Robinson Ltd. have leased the Tivoli site from Montague Burton and are to erect in its place a five-storey departmental store. They consider that there is now an urgent need for a fashion store to provide for business women in the area, and hope to be the first major store to introduce, in the centre of London, a contemporary building fully in keeping with the most modern architectural developments. These will include "air" doors at the store entrances and "movable" lift windows. The work of demolishing the old cinema is well under way, and it is hoped that the store will be open to the public during the course of next year.



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE DESERTED GALLERY TOWARDS THE STAGE: The cinema actually closed its doors to the public in the autumn and the furnishings of the building were stripped and sold at an auction towards the end of last year. During the war years the cinema was closed from October 1939 to February 1943. Approval for the demolition of the cinema and the erection of the departmental store has been given by the London County Council. It is one of several rebuilding schemes in the area.

RESTORING STEPNEY'S ALMSHOUSES

Built by Trinity House they are Now Being Restored by the L.C.C.

Some of the old Trinity Almshouses in the Mile End Road, at Stepney, are now being restored as one-room dwellings by the London County Council. Until a short time ago the entire property, comprising twenty-three almshouses and a private chapel erected towards the end of the seventeenth century; forty-four nineteenth-century almshouses, and an adjacent vacant site, was owned by the Corporation of Trinity House. The ground for the original almshouses was given by Captain Henry Mudd, of Rattcliff, an Elder Brother, and his widow, and the first homes were built in 1695 for "28 decay'd Masters and Comanders of Ships or ye Widows of such." In 1895 Trinity House proposed to sell the land for rebuilding, but the suggested destruction of the houses aroused such harsh feeling that the sale was stopped. Unfortunately the original almshouses suffered severe damage during the Second World War and they were left empty until the L.C.C. Housing Committee considered that they should be acquired and made suitable for housing accommodation. However, the more recent buildings emerged from the war in a happier state and were requisitioned for use by families. In 1954 the estimated cost of purchasing the entire property was given as £17,000. In addition the restoration and adaptation of the twenty-three older houses is costing £40,400, and the restoration of the chapel £16,600.

RESTORATION WORK IN STEPNEY, EAST LONDON: Work goes ahead on the restoration of the old Trinity Almshouses in the Mile End Road, which have now been acquired by the London County Council. In this view the camera looks across the square to the east side. The almshouses were erected in 1695 and in 1840.

On right—

THE COMMEMORATION PLAQUE: It records the erection of the first twenty-eight homes for "decay'd Masters and Comanders of Ships or ye Widows of such" in 1695.

ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE SQUARE: The almshouses seen in this picture are still in a dilapidated condition owing to the extensive damage caused by bombing in the war. It has been suggested that the original houses were designed by John Evelyn. The present work is being confined to the seventeenth-century buildings and is expected to be finished about the middle of next year. Some of the other almshouses, which were designed in 1840, are now being used as family dwellings. *On right*—A workman is engaged in preparing the interior walls in one of the tiny houses. No decision has yet been reached regarding possible tenants of the restored almshouses.

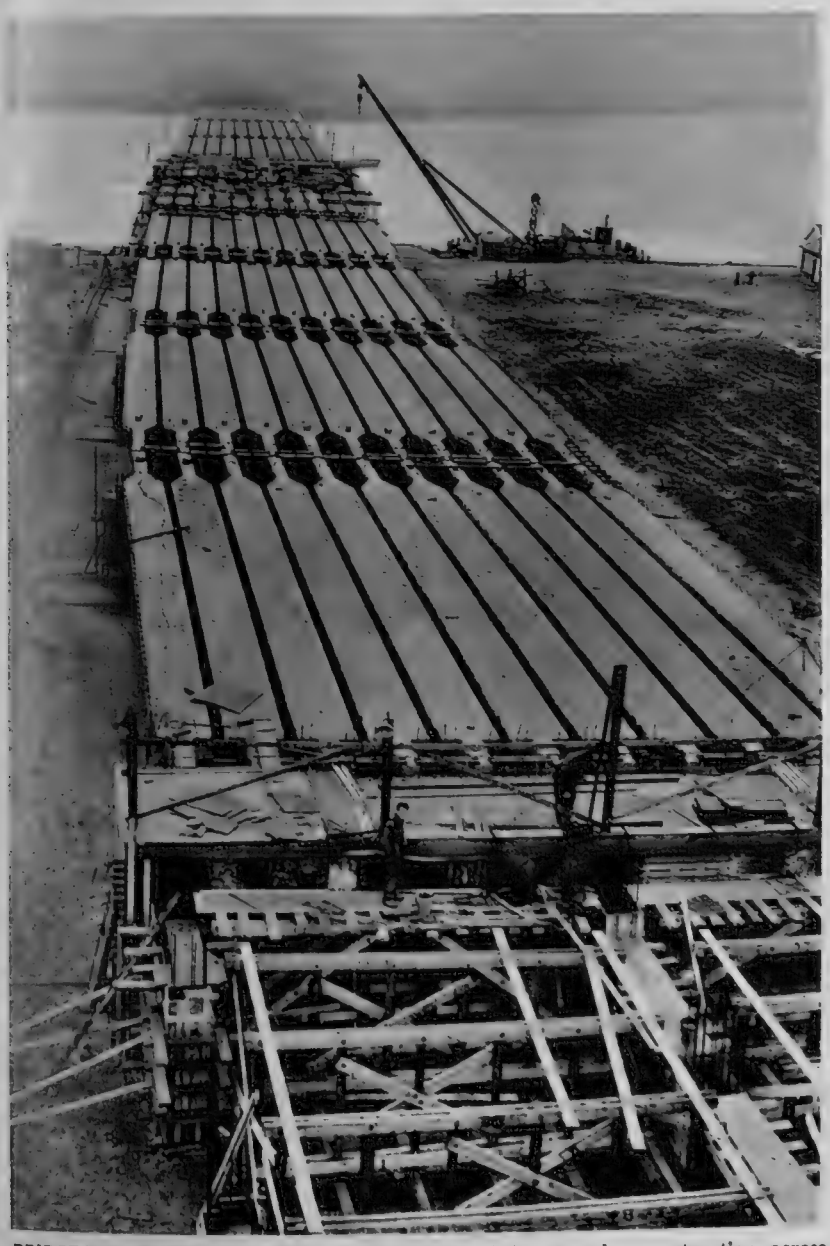
SOME OF THE HOUSES ARE NEARING COMPLETION: Although much work has already been carried out there is still a great deal required before the houses are ready for habitation. They are being converted to one-room dwellings.

BUILDING ABROAD

A Stadium in Rome; Bridges in Holland and France; and an Atomic Reactor in Germany

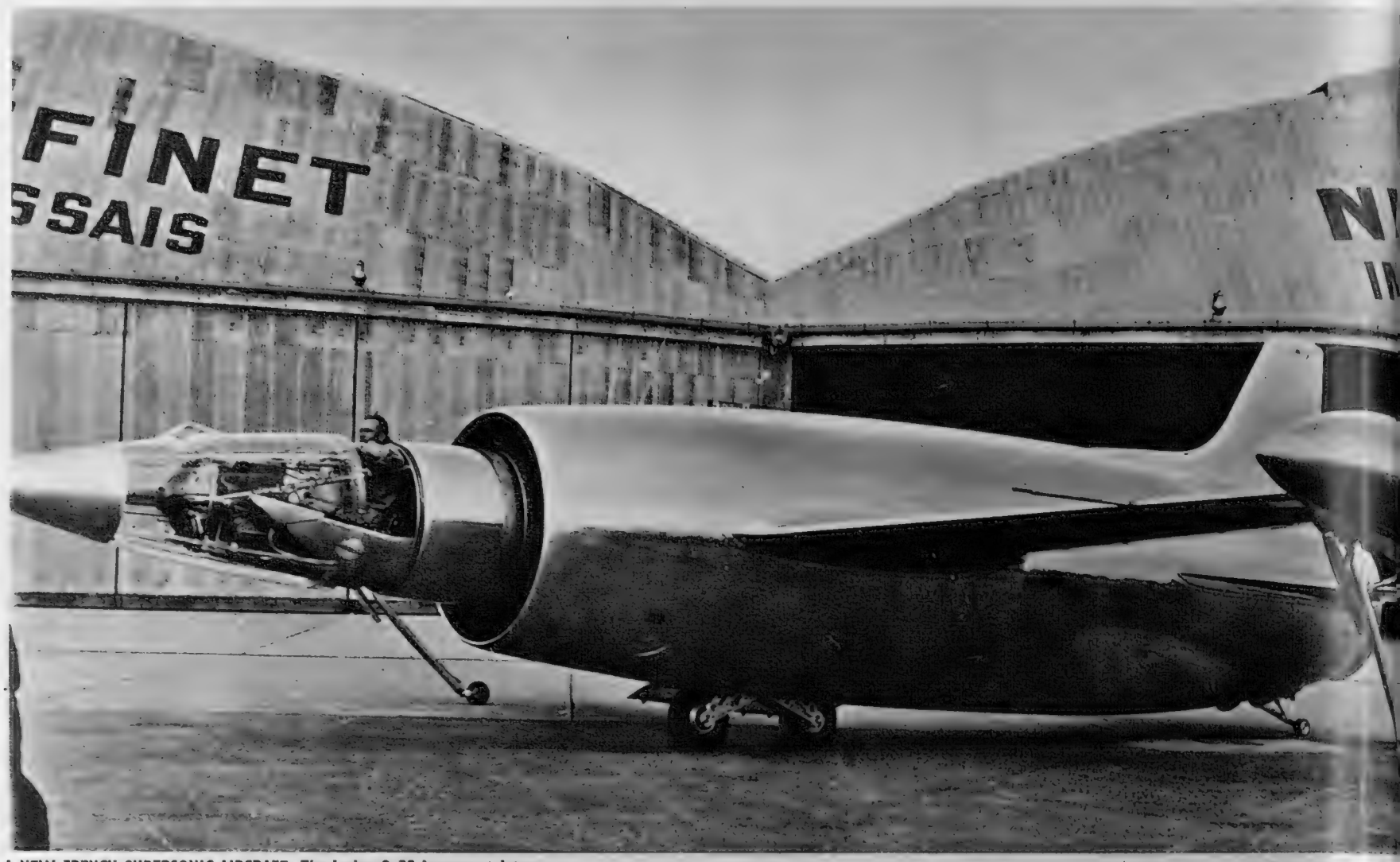
ROME PREPARES FOR THE 1960 OLYMPICS: This circle of reinforced concrete arches marks the site of the rising Palazzetto dello Sport which will serve as an arena for some of the events of the next Olympic Games to be held in Rome in 1960. The details of the design, which is the work of the Italian architect Vitellozzi, have not yet been made public. The area which has been set aside by the Italian authorities for the erection of the various stadiums and facilities to be used during the Games is only thirty minutes' walk from the heart of the city. Much of the preparatory work on the site is already completed and some foundations have been laid.

A GERMAN ATOMIC REACTOR NEARS COMPLETION: Scaffolding surrounds the rising concrete walls of a new atomic reactor which is being built at Garching, near Munich, in Western Germany. The atomic reactor will be the first to be completed in the Federal Republic.

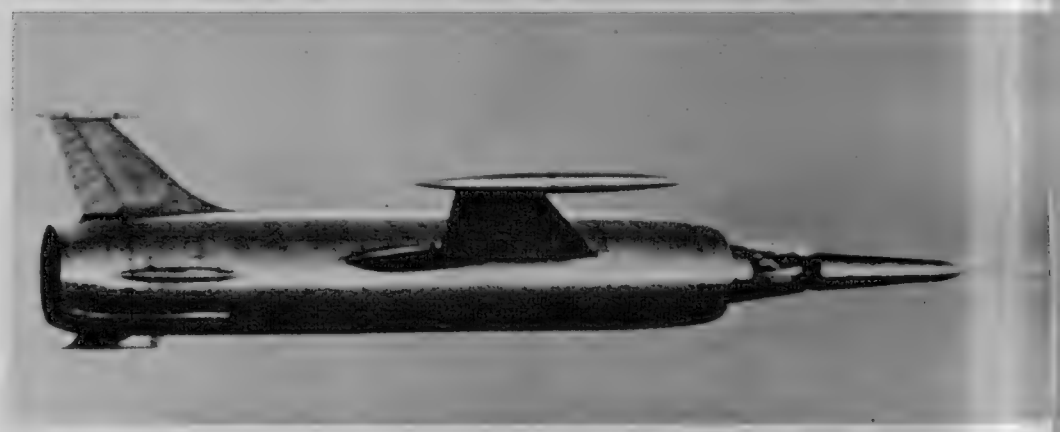


BRIDGE-BUILDING IN HOLLAND: A new bridge is now under construction across the southern part of the Ijaselmeer, a stretch of water forming a part of the Zuider Zee, near Amsterdam, in Holland. The bridge when completed will be about 900 yards long and will carry a motor road and a cycle track. With the exception of the centre section, which will be of steel, the Ijaselmeer bridge is being built entirely of specially reinforced concrete spans.

A FRENCH HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME: Workmen prepare the framework for a bridge-span which will carry water galleries from the new Roseland dam now under construction in the Savoy Alps. The water will be pumped under pressure to the underground generating station at Bathie, nearly 7½ miles away. The hydro-electric scheme when finished will greatly augment the power output in an area which is in the process of being developed by the French electricity authorities.



A NEW FRENCH SUPERSONIC AIRCRAFT: The Leduc 0·22 is seen at Istres Airfield, near Marseilles, where its first flight of 25 mins. was completed by M. Jean Sarrail on Boxing Day. Powered by an Atar turbojet mounted within a ramjet, built integral with the fuselage, the 0·22 is designed for speeds up to 1,400 m.p.h. *Above right*—The helmeted head of the pilot is clearly seen in this picture of the unique jettisonable cockpit which is fitted to the Leduc 0·22.



SUPERSONIC AIRCRAFT

Types from France and North America

FIRST FLIGHT OF THE LEDUC 0·22: This bullet-like aircraft uses a conventional jet engine for take-off. Its main power source—a ramjet or "athodyd"—cannot operate until sufficient air velocity is introduced into the tube. René Leduc has for many years concentrated on the development of the athodyd or ramjet type of powerplant for aircraft. As far back as 1935 he was successful in producing a small unit which developed a thrust of about 8 lb. Leduc's first complete ramjet-driven aircraft was the 0·10 monoplane, construction of which was started before the war. In 1949 the Leduc 0·10 with a pilot was released from a parent aircraft 10,000 ft. above Toulouse. It flew for 12 mins. at a speed of 450 m.p.h. on only half power. Tests continued and two larger aircraft, designated Leduc 0·21, were built. The first of these was launched from a parent aircraft in 1953 and from knowledge gained since then the 0·22 has been developed. This is the first of the Leduc family of high-speed ramjets able to take-off by itself and be considered as a practical fighter interceptor.

On left—

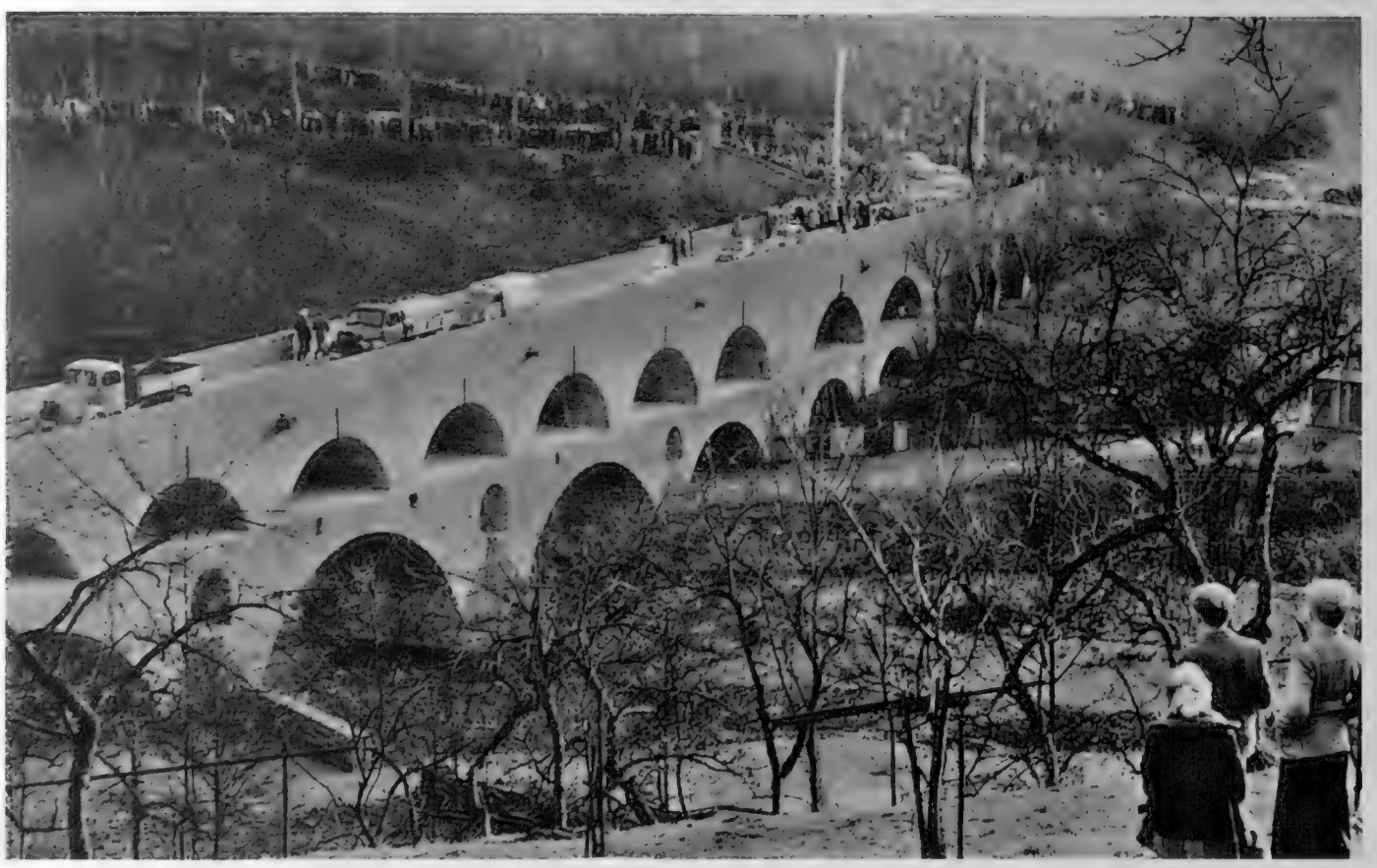
THE WORLD'S FIRST SUPERSONIC BOMBER: The American B-58 Hustler stands on its stilt-like landing gear outside the Fort Worth, Texas, factory of the Convair Division of the General Dynamics Corporation. The cockpit canopy is open in this head-on view of the new delta-wing bomber. All the "operational" equipment of the B-58 is housed in a streamlined container (not fitted to the aircraft pictured) underneath the fuselage. Some of these "mission-pods" will house bombs or guided missiles; others will contain television, photographic or anti-missile countermeasures equipment. The size of the "pod" is partly responsible for the considerable height of the undercarriage.

A PURPOSEFUL-LOOKING FIGHTER: The Avro CF-100 Canuck was the first aircraft to be wholly designed and built in Canada. In December 1952 an earlier version of the CF-100 achieved the distinction of being the first combat aircraft without swept-back wings to exceed the speed of sound. The Canadian air division under NATO will shortly replace all its Sabre fighters with the CF-100. It is a two-seater aircraft, powered with Orenda engines and is designed to counter all weather conditions.

NEW BRIDGES OVER THE RIVER ARNO: The Ponte alle Grazie (in foreground), one of the bridges over the River Arno, at Florence, has now been restored and opened to the general public. It will be opened to motor traffic sometime next month. With the exception of the old shop-lined Ponte Vecchio (in background), all the bridges across the river linking the two halves of the town were destroyed by the retreating German armies during the last war. They are now in the process of being restored. Florence was declared an open city on July 1, 1944, by the German garrison commander after most of the bridges had been blown up. By August 5 of the same year the suburbs south of the Arno were in Allied hands, but the Germans did not evacuate Florence until August 11. Nine days later they opened an artillery bombardment on the city which caused many casualties among the civilian population and much material damage to the medieval architecture.

BRIDGE-BUILDING IN EUROPE

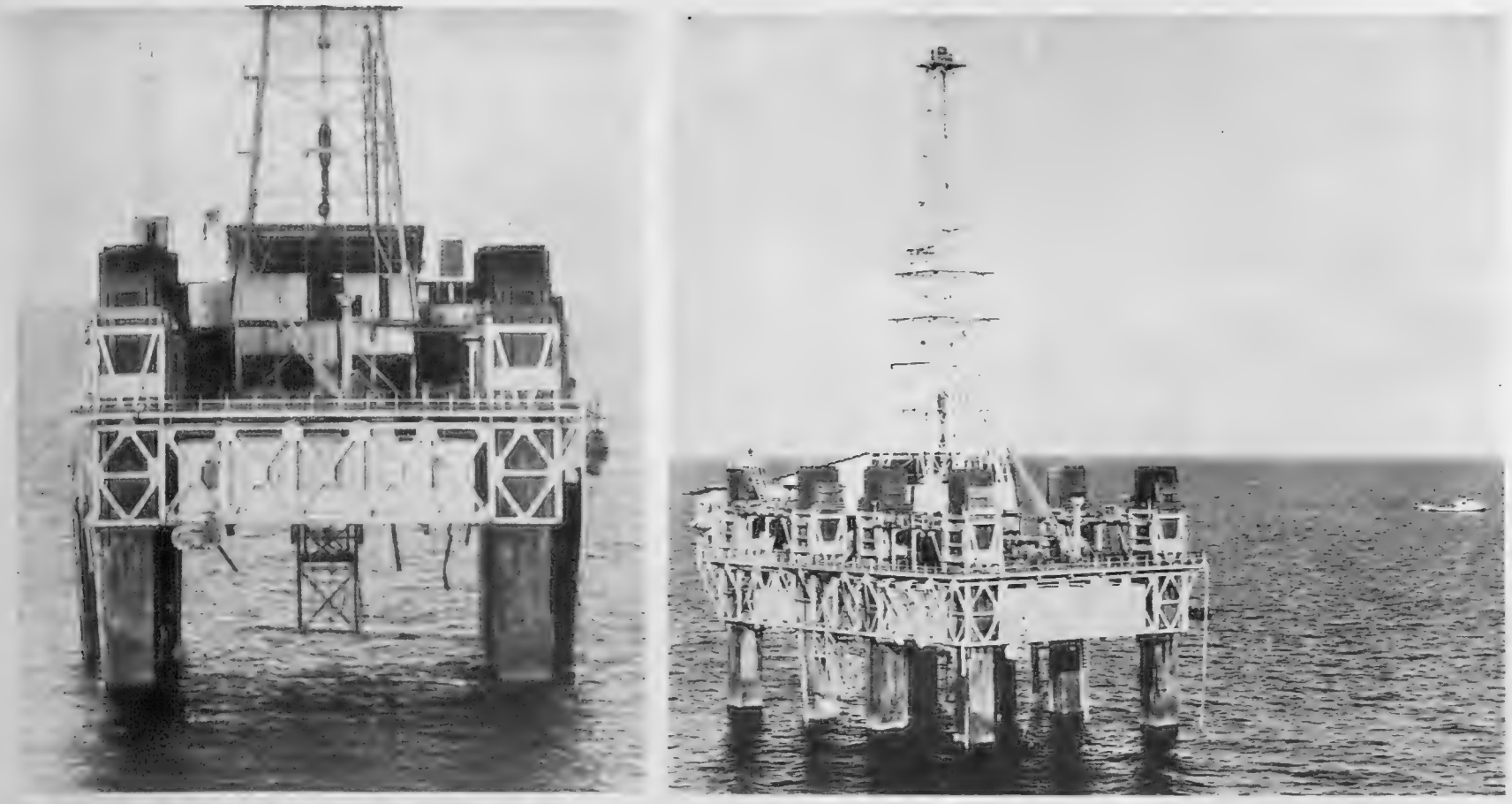
The Reconstruction of Bridges in Italy and Germany



THE AMERIGO VESPUCCI BRIDGE, FLORENCE: This is another of the Florence bridges which are now being restored. It is named after the Italian navigator of the Middle Ages from whom the American continent in its turn derives its name. Further up-river is the Ponte alla Caraja with, beyond it, the half-restored Ponte S. Trinita, and the Ponte Vecchio.

On left—

AN HISTORIC BRIDGE IS RESTORED IN WESTERN GERMANY: While crowds line the slopes above, the first column of cars and trucks passes over the newly-restored bridge across the River Tauber outside Rothenburg, in the Federal Republic. The original medieval bridge was blown up by the Wehrmacht during the closing stages of the last war. Its restoration has taken two years to complete. The new bridge has the same peculiar double-decked spans which were the characteristic of the original one and scrupulously follows the design of the latter, except that to meet the demands of modern traffic it has been widened by about 5 ft.



AN OIL-DRILLING PLATFORM IS WRECKED IN THE PERSIAN GULF: *Left*—The devastated structure, trailing damaged life-rafts and equipment, floats in calm waters after a storm ruined it fifty miles off Qatar, in the Persian Gulf. The Shell Petroleum Company had been using it to seek oil beneath the sea when the disaster occurred. Over twenty Arab workmen were killed and about forty were injured. *On right*—The derelict platform lies abandoned after its battering by the storm. On the right of the picture, a tug stands by. The installations were so severely damaged that the whole structure, valued at £900,000, is probably a total loss.

DISASTER IN THE PERSIAN GULF

Twenty Men Perish when a Floating Oil-drilling Platform is Smashed by a Storm

More than twenty workers lost their lives and twice as many were injured after a storm in the Persian Gulf wrecked an oil-drilling platform belonging to the Shell Petroleum Company. The floating structure, used for drilling for oil beneath the sea-bed, lay fifty miles off Qatar and was being towed to Doha, the capital of Qatar, for modifications when the disaster occurred. The 1,900-ton platform first got into difficulties when the wind changed its direction and a heavy sea developed. The two big 2,000-ton pontoons supporting the platform became jammed with debris and finally broke loose. One of them sank. The electrical generating machinery was put out of action and all the lights went out. This added to the difficulties of the 250 men on board the platform, for the accident occurred at night. The "island's" legs were damaged and the helicopter landing-stage collapsed, but the helicopter managed to escape. All on board the platform were told to take to the water and try to make their way to the tugs which were standing by. The helicopter searched for the missing men, but without success. All were Arabs. The platform and its equipment, valued at £900,000, was severely damaged, and probably a total loss. A well 12,000 ft. deep had been drilled at the site.

BATTERED BY THE STORM: The platform was being towed into port at night when the disaster occurred. The wind changed its direction and heavy seas began to batter the structure. Two 2,000-ton pontoons supporting it were damaged and broke loose. One of them sank. All the lights went out, and the "legs" under the platform were damaged. The helicopter landing-stage collapsed, though the helicopter itself escaped. The 250 men on board were ordered to "abandon ship."

HOMAGE TO THE RULER: Outside the reed walls of his palace the Mukama (ruler) of the Bunyoro receives the homage of his Elders. This is one of the ceremonies in the cleansing from evil which takes place every two years among the tribe in the Western Province of Uganda.

A TRIBAL CEREMONY IN UGANDA

The Biennial Cleansing of the Bunyoro People in the Western Province

The Bunyoro tribe once held dominion over a large territory extending over much of Uganda and parts of Tanganyika. To-day their kingdom is much smaller and lies in the Western Province of Uganda. They are a friendly and loyal people, who are fortunate in being able to cultivate their soil without great effort. They also possess many rituals.

Among the most important is the cleansing of the tribe. The ceremonies take place every two years, symbolising a purification of the people from evil and a rebirth. The ritual centres round the Mukama, the native ruler who comes of an ancient lineage. In the greyness of dawn, his drummers beat out the summons to the people from a sacred hillock. After a number of preliminary ceremonies, such as the submission of the Elders to the Mukama, the ruler takes his seat upon his throne and commands the start of the main part of the cleansing. This is a shuffling dance in which each family takes part in its own compound. It may last for four days, after which the tribe collapses from exhaustion into sleep and awakes to a new birth, freed from evil.

THE SUMMONS TO THE CEREMONIES: Dressed in leopard-skins and bark cloth, the royal drummers stand on a hillock and beat out the summons to the people to attend the purification ceremonies.

THE RULER ON HIS THRONE: The Mukama sits on his leopard-skin throne. Soon he will give the order to start the dance which is the main part of the cleansing ritual.

A SACRED MOMENT: Wearing a crown of straw and beads and a collar of colubus monkey fur, the Mukama enters the compound of the seven sacred huts. The straw matting on which he walks must not be trodden by other feet. His attendants include drummers and the traditional club-bearers.

A SULTAN HARRIES THE BANDITS

The Sultan of Pahang's War Against the Communist Terrorists in Malaya

THE RULER OF PAHANG ENCOURAGES HIS PEOPLE: Protected by a sunshade, the Sultan, Sir Abu Bakar, chats with villagers during one of his informal tours of his state.

LEAVING A PROTECTED VILLAGE: The Sultan and his entourage walk out through the well-guarded gates. A notice warns the inhabitants against taking food with them, in case it should fall into the bandits' hands. At one time the jungle outside was the unchallenged dominion of the terrorists. Now, thanks largely to the Sultan's revival of his people's morale, the bandits are on the defensive.

On left—
THE SULTAN TRAVELS BY WATER: Communications in Pahang are so sparse, owing to mountains and jungle, that Sir Abu Bakar must make many journeys in his houseboat.

CELEBRATING THE ROYAL VISIT: Villagers and officials sit round a table laden with soft drinks and food as they listen to the ruler (standing, left centre). On the blackboard behind the Sultan's head is a tally of Communist bandits eliminated in the area.

A WELCOME FOR THE SULTAN: Boy Scouts and schoolchildren waving flags line the road as the Sultan's official car drives through a village. During the worst of the emergency, the roads in Pahang were dominated by the terrorists. Even when clear, the roads are so few that the Sultan often has to travel by elephant, bicycle or on foot to remoter spots.

In the battle against the Communist terrorists in Malaya, the security forces have received almost all the publicity and what little glory there is to be won in that inconclusive, but all-important battle for the jungle. Less well known to the British public have been the efforts of the native rulers of the states of the Federation to stamp out terrorism in their own territories. One of the most energetic of these local potentates is the ruler of Pahang, Sultan Sir Abu Bakar, G.C.M.G. Six feet tall and heavily-built, this impressive man has probably done more than any other single man to clear his state of the Communists, interpreting literally his office as leader of his 300,000 subjects, in spite of his fifty-two years.

Every year since the emergency began in 1948, he has penetrated to every corner of his dominion, travelling more than 100,000 miles in all, meeting, exhorting and encouraging his subjects to resist the terrorism and intimidation of the bandits. Pahang is a state of mountains and wild jungle, and is still largely without modern communications. This fact has helped the terrorists, but hindered the security forces and the Sultan on his journeyings to remote areas never before visited by his family. With a bodyguard seldom stronger than six men armed with carbines, Sir Abu Bakar covered his state from end to end by car, houseboat, elephant, bicycle and on foot.

During the worst period of the emergency, the Communists virtually had the run of the state. Operating from hundreds of camps in the jungle, they declared that they would make central Pahang the first "liberated" area of Malaya. Two hundred bandits—Malays instead of the more usual Chinese—set themselves up in the north as the 10th Regiment, and murdered and plundered in the name of nationalism. Roads and bridges were blown up, and the rivers were used as Communist supply lines. The terrified population of Malays, Chinese, Indians and Aborigines kept the bandits well supplied with food, money and information. Into the worst of the "red" areas, so classified by British security officers, the Sultan penetrated, defying the Communists, who were the virtual rulers. At first, the Sultan's visits produced few beneficial results. The older Malays were too much in awe of their ruler to discuss their troubles, and the young men thought him a tool of the British. In the end, however, they took heart from his obvious fearlessness and concern for them, and found that when he thought a district was in danger of being overrun by bandits, he would immediately rush in army and police reinforcements. Eventually, the terrorists were forced permanently on to the defensive. Last year, the Sultan embarked on a world tour, and visited Britain.

HOSTS AND TRAVELLERS

Political Journeys Mainly in Asia or Behind the Iron Curtain

THE CHINESE PREMIER IN BURMA : Mr. Chou En-lai (in centre, on right) is welcomed by "giraffe-necked" women of the Padaung tribe in an area of Burma near the Chinese border. The Burmese Premier, U Ba Swe, is in the centre left. The Chinese leader's visit to the frontier district was aimed at reducing recent tension on the border.

On right—

IN FESTIVE MOOD : Wearing a mask and carrying a paper parasol, Mr. Chou En-lai joins in the New Year celebrations on board a train during his tour of India. On the right is Mrs. Rajen Nehru, the wife of the Indian Ambassador in China. The Chinese Premier had been visiting the Bhakra-Nangal hydro-electric project and was on his way back to New Delhi.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR" : Mr. Chou En-lai and Mr. Nehru clap hands in time to music and join in the festivities on board the special train from Bhakra-Nangal hydro-electric station to New Delhi on New Year's Eve. In the glasses on the table they toasted each other in orange juice.

Among current political travellers there is little doubt that Mr. Chou En-lai is the most important. After visiting Burma and India, the Chinese Prime Minister went on to Moscow. From there he was scheduled to go to Poland and to return home by way of Afghanistan and Nepal. It is believed that his journey to Moscow was further evidence of China's determination to remain free from Russian domination and to bargain with the Kremlin for military and economic aid as a Communist power which is the equal of the Soviet Union.

MR. CHOU EN-LAI IN MOSCOW : At the table in the Kremlin are, on the left, from foreground, Mr. Khrushchev, Marshal Bulganin, Mr. Mikoyan, and Mr. Shepilov, the Soviet Foreign Minister. On right, from foreground, are Mr. Chou En-lai ; Marshal Ho Lung, one of the Deputy Premiers of China ; Mr. Wan Tu-Shan, Chinese Deputy Foreign Minister, and Mr. Lu Shio, the Ambassador of China in the Soviet Union. The Chinese Premier arrived in Moscow last week for political and economic discussions.

A PICNIC IN YUGOSLAVIA : Seated round the camp-fire in the woods near the Hungarian frontier and toasting savouries are, from the left, Mr. Koca Popovic, the Yugoslav Foreign Minister ; M. Georges Delcoigné, the Belgian Ambassador in Belgrade ; Mr. James Riddleberger, the United States Ambassador ; Marshal Tito, and Senhor Ribeiro Couto, the Ambassador of Brazil and doyen of the Diplomatic Corps. The occasion was a shoot at which the Yugoslav President was the host. In the past year Marshal Tito has pursued his policy of "Independent" Communism with marked success and shown himself the equal of the Kremlin. Because of this Yugoslavia is a country of great importance in all international calculations.

EAST GERMAN MINISTERS IN THE KREMLIN : Facing Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Mikoyan (on the left of the table) are, from right, Herr Grotewohl, Prime Minister of East Germany ; Herr Ulbricht, First Secretary of the German Communist Party ; Herr Bolz, Foreign Minister ; and Herr Nuschke, a Deputy Prime Minister and Christian Democratic Union leader in East Germany. The Soviet-German conference discussed political and economic relations.

POLISH AND YUGOSLAV COMMUNISTS MEET : Behind the table, in the centre, is Mr. Gomulka, the Secretary-General of the Polish Communist Party. He is presiding over a conference in Warsaw between Polish and Yugoslav Communists. Since the recent uprising of the Poles against Russian domination, relations between Poland and Yugoslavia have become closer.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE EGYPTIAN PEACE MOVEMENT IN MOSCOW : With Mr. Khrushchev in the Kremlin are Mr. Abdel Rahman al-Hamisi (on left), the Egyptian author, and Mr. Faruk al-Kadi, the political commentator of the Egyptian newspaper, *Ash-Shaab*. They were visiting Moscow as representatives of the Egyptian Peace Movement at the invitation of the Soviet Peace Committee, and reportedly had a friendly talk with Mr. Khrushchev.

The Sphere of Travel

THE ROAD TO SANTIAGO

A Journey Along the Northern Coast of Spain to Galicia

By GORDON COOPER

A MEDIEVAL TOWN IN NORTHERN SPAIN: Some of the ancient houses in Santillana del Mar date back to the fourteenth century. The old town, famous in fiction as the birthplace of Gil Blas, is preserved as a national monument.

DURING the Middle Ages people of all European countries and tongues went on pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela, in Galicia, whose cathedral holds one of the most sacred shrines in Christendom. Its fame sprang from the miraculous discovery early in the ninth century of the tomb containing the relics of St. James the Apostle, who is credited with having evangelised Spain and is the country's patron saint.

The Apostle's festival is celebrated each year on July 25 and is still attended by many pilgrims, mostly Spaniards. Then, during the last fortnight in July, the quiet holy city displays an unwonted activity, for in addition to many religious ceremonies there are various kinds of entertainments, including a noisy fair. Having made the journey to Santiago in 1956, I can report that the occasion is as rewarding as anything else of its kind in Europe.

The old pilgrims' way followed a well-established inland route, south of the Cantabrian Mountains which run parallel with the coast for a considerable distance. I travelled by car along most of the northern seaboard of Spain, turning inland on occasion. I also explored Galicia, a fascinating region still largely unknown to tourists. Starting from the frontier station of Irun, I concluded my tour at Vigo, where I took the Royal Mail Lines steamer back to England.

In a single article I must necessarily restrict myself to a nutshell account of the main places of interest I visited, also bearing in mind practical information and personal recommendations, for these are not easy to obtain and are what the ordinary holiday-traveller usually requires. Nor shall I constantly repeat that along the whole of the Cantabrian coast, which is a scenic riviera, there are countless fine sandy beaches and enticing bays.

Two miles from Irun is the small, picturesque Basque town of Fuenterrabia—a modest seaside resort recommended especially for a family holiday. Six miles further on, inland, is the delightful Hostal de Jaizkibel, a newly-opened mountain hotel, from which there is a marvellous panoramic view of the Basque coast and of the mountains to the south. It is an idyllic spot for a quiet holiday.

In striking contrast, I came next to San Sebastian, Spain's most fashionable and only truly international seaside resort. Sophisticated as it is, this popular watering-place offers some magnificent views of sea and mountain, excellent hotels, and numerous and extensive excursions. Worth noting is the restaurant Casa Nicolasa, where I enjoyed the best lunch of my tour.

Between San Sebastian and Santander there are several small fishing ports which are also seaside resorts. Generally, they offer simple and inexpensive accommodation. Four places with satisfactory hotels are Zarauz (my special choice), Laredo (an excellent centre for fishing), Castro Urdiales and Deva. Bilbao, incidentally, is a prosperous but rather dull manufacturing city; for the tourist, it is merely a convenient stopping-place for the night.

Santander is a far more lively place for the holidaymaker. Its extensive bay presents a lovely scene and is a splendid setting for the yachting regattas held there during the summer. There are facilities for various sports, and opportunities for interesting excursions. On the outskirts of the town is the fashionable seaside resort of Sardinero, reached by frequent tramway service. There are several hotels, including the Edwardian Hotel Real (*de luxe*). My own preference, however, is the Hotel Bahia, in Santander itself; it faces the sea-front.

With a car, you might possibly prefer to lodge in the Parador Gil Blas, in Santillana del Mar, about fifteen miles west of Santander. Housed in an ancient palace, it is my personal favourite among the various excellent hostelries run by the Spanish State Tourist Department (S.S.T.D.). The venerable little town itself is one of the most beautiful in Europe. Preserved as a national monument, its houses date back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and its Collegiate Church (Romanesque) is of outstanding artistic importance. I cannot over-praise this dream-like spot where time has stood still.

The real claim of Santillana to antiquity, however, lies in the nearby Caves of Altamira. Discovered accidentally in 1868, their remarkable specimens of Palæolithic art are world-famous. The paintings, mostly in red and black, portray boars, bisons and other animals in lifelike attitudes on the walls and roofs of the cave. Despite their great age, some 15,000 years, the colours are incredibly fresh.

Continuing along the scenic coastal road to Gijon, I can recommend Suances, Comillas and Ribadesella for those seeking a quiet seaside holiday away from the crowds. An alternative would be to turn inland shortly after leaving San Vicente de la Barquera for Potes. A few miles further on is the hamlet of Espinama, whence, on foot or by prearranged mule, you can reach the Refuge d'Aliva, situated high up amidst the magnificent Picos de Europa (Peaks of Europe). Once you are there, breathing in the champagne air, you feel right out of our everyday world. The accommodation in this S.S.T.D. mountain hostel is simple, the food is good, and the companionship entertaining.

From Ribadesella I turned inland again to visit Covadonga, the cradle of the Spanish nation. In a great cave, now a shrine, the fugitive Gothic chief Pelayo and his small retinue hid, emerging to fight the famous eighth-century battle which constituted the first real check that the Moors received in their triumphant penetration into Western Europe. This was, in fact, one of the world's decisive battles, and it was the beginning of the reconquest of Spain.

Continuing by a wonderfully engineered mountain road, I came to the Parador (S.S.T.D.) at Riaño, on the southern flank of the Picos de Europa. Here I lodged most comfortably. The scenery around defies all attempts at description, with the northern and eastern sky ringed with a whole series of 8,000-ft. peaks. This is a favourite holiday and fishing centre for General Franco. I, too, give it a strong recommendation.

GOAL OF THE PILGRIMS: The cathedral of Santiago de Compostela contains one of the most sacred shrines in Christendom. Legend tells how the relics of St. James the Apostle, the patron saint of Spain, were found here in 813. Ever since, Santiago has been a holy place.

It is an hour's run by car from Riaño to Leon, once the headquarters of a Roman legion, later a stopping-place for pilgrims, and now renowned for its magnificent Gothic cathedral, perhaps the loveliest in Spain. Its medieval stained glass is of surpassing beauty and rivals that at Chartres. One has, indeed, the feeling of being contained in some vast coloured lantern.

Of all the provincial capitals of Spain, Leon is the most Spanish. Apart from its great cathedral, it has other ancient buildings eloquent of its former greatness. Outstanding are the Romanesque church of San Isidoro and the sumptuous convent of San Marcos. Unfortunately, its only first-class hotel is dull, and this pilgrim continued on to spend the night at the Parador Pajares (S.S.T.D.), situated on a 5,000-ft.-high col on the main road to Oviedo. Mist, which is fairly frequent here, prevented me seeing the impressive mountain views around. The descent to Oviedo, however, indicated the grandeur of the scenery.

Oviedo is another prosperous city. Its cathedral houses an amazing collection of relics, including a bone of Moses, a sandal of St. Peter, one of the thirty pieces of silver paid to Judas for his betrayal, a fragment of the bread with which the multitude was fed as the result of the Miracle of the

Loaves and Fishes, a fragment of the winding-sheet in which the dead Jesus was wrapped, and some strands of the hair of Mary Magdalene ! Seeking a less unquestioning faith, I found the Visigothic churches of Santa Maria de Naranco and San Miguel de Lino more rewarding.

Twenty miles north-east of Oviedo is the important port of Gijon—an almost unpronounceable name for foreigners. Its beach is possibly the finest on the Cantabrian coast, and in the future I am certain this place will become an outstanding holiday resort.

It is an easy day's run from Gijon (or Oviedo) to Corunna, and 80 of the 205-mile journey lie close above the deeply indented coastal cliffs. An exciting discovery was the sequestered little town of Mondoñedo, whose thirteenth-century cathedral contains a wood carving of the Madonna, said to have been brought from St. Paul's in London at the time of the Reformation.

As a northern resort, I place Corunna second only to Santander. There are many really excellent hotels, including two large luxury establishments. There is an atmosphere of easy opulence, a number of interesting sights, and the opportunity to make pleasant excursions around northern Galicia. Every British visitor will inevitably declaim those lines of Wolfe's familiar poem as he stands beside the well-tended tomb of Sir John Moore.

To get a satisfactory idea of the charm and interest of Galicia requires a car, unless you have a couple of months to spare, for local bus timetables were not designed for tourists' convenience. The main centres are, however, conveniently reached. Santiago, the main goal of my journey, is unexcelled in intrinsic interest and no medieval city in Europe excites me more. Its chief glory is, of course, the cathedral, whose Portico de la Gloria is one of the most important sculptures surviving from the twelfth century.

But there is much more to see, and even more still to " feel " in Santiago. Its paved and arcaded streets are so full of character that one grows more attached to them, I think, than to any other streets in Spain. Then there is that extraordinary hotel, the Hostal de los Reyes Catolicos, housed in the former Royal Hospital founded by the Spanish kings, the splendid front and courtyards of which are as fine as anything of the period elsewhere.

From Santiago I journeyed on to Lugo, with its perfect Roman walls; to Orense, whose cathedral recalls that of Santiago; to Celanova, with its remarkable convent; to Tuy, with its fortified and fortress-like cathedral; and to Pontevedra, an admirable and charming centre from which to explore many interesting places in south-western Galicia. Its parador (S.S.T.D.) is an excellent place in which to lodge. Pontevedra is known for its fine arcaded streets and old granite houses with armorial shields on their fronts. About twenty miles to the north is the port of Villagascia, which stands on the Ria de Arosa, the largest and one of the most beautiful of the harbours of Galicia.

This whole article could easily be devoted to the delights of this corner of Spain. There are the various *rias* (fjords) to be explored. There is the little island of La Toja, linked to the mainland by a causeway, where there is a particularly fine luxury hotel —one of the best in Spain. La Toja is about twenty miles from Villagascia by road, and is a fashionable summer resort with thermal springs as well as good sea bathing. And, for anyone wanting to escape for a time from his fellow-countrymen, there are the two small seaside resorts of Playa America and Bayona, south of Vigo and connected to it by tram.

At Bayona is the Castillo de Mouse Real, which has been immortalised in English literature through Milton's reference to it in *Lycidas* as " Bayona's hold."

Vigo itself is not of special appeal for the tourist, but when I sailed from there on my way back home I felt that I was leaving a land to which I must one day return.

A FAMOUS HOLIDAY RESORT: The Playa de la Concha, San Sebastian's principal bathing beach, is crowded with the fashionable and well-to-do. Beyond lies the harbour, and above this rises the Monte Urgull (425 ft.), crowned by the Castillo de la Mota. San Sebastian is Spain's most celebrated seaside resort, and is truly international in character.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW IN GALICIA: The arcaded streets are a characteristic of the town of Pontevedra, which is a centre for exploring Galicia. Many of the ancient granite houses bear armorial shields.

PRACTICAL INFORMATION

The Spanish Tourist Office, 70, Jermyn Street, S.W.1, can supply further information about north-west Spain. There are also tourist information offices in Irun, San Sebastian, Bilbao, Santander, Corunna, Santiago, Pontevedra, Vigo, and Lugo.

A recommended travel agent is the Spanish Tourist Service, 4, West Halkin Street, S.W.1. Also of tourist interest are the coach tours organised by Lammin Tours Ltd., 67, Blenheim Terrace, N.W.8, which include Northern Spain in their itineraries. Marsans (Paseo de Gracia, Barcelona), too, offer escorted motor-coach tours in this region.

Generally speaking, the climate is temperate. Bathing conditions can be chilly even in July. Warm clothing is needed when visiting higher altitudes, and in Galicia always be prepared for rain.

The main roads are good and not crowded with traffic; the second-class roads vary in quality. It is best to inquire in advance as to their state before travelling on them. Plomo (high octane petrol) is only available in main centres, so always fill up your tank when opportunity offers. There is no petrol rationing in Spain. A useful word to keep in mind is *mecanico*—a man skilled in car repairs.

RECOMMENDED HOTELS

San Sebastian	*Londres e Inglaterra, Niza.*
Zarauz	*Gran.*
Bilbao	*Carlton.*
Laredo	*Hostal Laredo.*
Santander	*Bahia.*
Comillas	*San Pedro.*
Corunna	*Finisterre.*
Santiago	*Hostal de los Reyes Catolicos*
La Toja	*Gran.*
Playa America	*Playa America.*

Also the paradores, mentioned in the text, at Jaizkibel, Santillana, Riaño, Pajares and Pontevedra.

THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE TO THE RESCUE: A fireman on an escape goes to the aid of people trapped on the Big Wheel in the funfair adjoining the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia. The Wheel jammed, tilting at a sharp angle and stopping the cars suddenly. Another escape stands by in the foreground. *On right*—A child is rescued by a fireman. More than thirty people were saved, some of them having been suspended in their cars at a height of 60 ft. for nearly two hours.

RESCUE AT THE FUNFAIR

Fire Escapes are Called to Save People Marooned on the Big Wheel at Olympia

More than thirty people were trapped, some of them for nearly two hours at 60 ft. above the ground, when the Big Wheel in the funfair adjoining the Bertram Mills Circus at London's Olympia broke down. The machinery jammed, stopping the Wheel with a jerk at an acute angle. People in the cars nearer the ground were soon able to clamber down on ladders, but those at the top of the Wheel were marooned. A fire escape was sent for, but proved too short to reach them. A longer escape was summoned, and after the Wheel had been secured with ropes, firemen rescued the remaining passengers. None of them was hurt.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

AN ACTOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Mr. Robertson Hare's Memoirs ; a Biography of d'Annunzio and Eleonora Duse ; Several Literary Studies and a Variety of Fiction

THE actor who carries on in spite of personal tragedy, the actor who has come up the hard way and kept his heart of gold, and the actor with the large gestures who speaks of his Art—these are all familiar types. The kind that is far more unusual is the actor who knows exactly what his limitations and his strength are, and acts accordingly. Such a one, it seems, is Mr. Robertson Hare, whose autobiography I have been reading. One of the incidents in the book is proof of his good judgment. Mr. Hare (his close friends call him "Bunny") was offered the part of the comedian in a Drury Lane production not long before the war. It was the kind of offer of which actors sometimes dream but he turned it down because nothing would convince him that he *was* a comedian. The management "believed in me as a comedian, they spoke in glowing terms of my work," he writes. "But I—knowing myself better—shook my head. I am a character actor with a quaint personality."

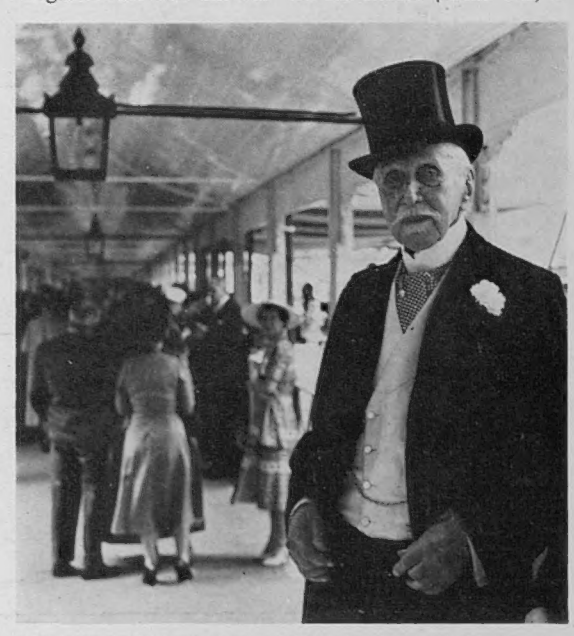
Mr. Hare is also, as we know, one of the mainsprings of farce in this country and was a member of the famous Aldwych team of Ralph Lynn and Tom Walls with Ben Travers and Vernon Sylvaine as dramatists. His air of timid propriety, his sepulchral and now classic exclamation of "Oh, calamity!" and his splendid sense of timing make his small figure a memorable one in the theatre. YOURS INDUBITABLY (Robert Hale. 16s.) is good reading, full of anecdotes, as one might expect, and with a warm and friendly spirit running through each of its chapters.

Whereas Robertson Hare is a man of the theatre who is not, in the meaning of the word, theatrical, the next book is concerned with one of the most theatrical personalities in living memory. WINGS OF FIRE (Alvin Redman. 25s.) is a dual biography of Gabriele d'Annunzio and Eleonora Duse but it is the flamboyant character of the man that dominates these pages as he appears to have dominated his own circle during his life. The love affair of these two people is still remembered. At the time it was as well known, as notorious or as burningly romantic, as different tastes would judge it. Nothing that d'Annunzio did was particularly private and even in the most poignant moments, his mistresses might find that they were serving as excellent "copy."

D'Annunzio was an exhibitionist as few people are, and although it was part of his great success, it is sad to record that his particular *panache* and talent for living inside out did not bring him more happiness. He was a writer, a poet and a lover. He was also a man of extraordinary physical courage and a great patriot. It is odd that no Italian company has thought of filming the story of his life in colour and on the widest possible screen. The book is written throughout in an exalted mood, in great detail and with a cumulative effect of passion, and inspiration.

In the seventeenth century lived and died one Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, a being so unusual by the standards of her time and of our own that Pepys could note of her that she was "a mad, ridiculous, conceited woman," while Charles Lamb acclaimed her "the thrice noble, chaste and virtuous—but again somewhat fantastical, and original-brain'd, generous Margaret Newcastle." Her own career as a writer and, at least equally, as a literary figure, was a matter of immense importance to the lady herself who wrote frankly: "I am not covetous, but as ambitious as ever any of my sex was, is, or can be; which is the cause, that though I cannot be Henry the Fifth, or Charles the Second, yet I will endeavour to be Margaret the First." And, fitly, MARGARET THE FIRST (Hart-Davis. 25s.) is the title that Mr. Douglas Grant has chosen for his witty, measured and thoroughly entertaining biography.

THE REIGN OF KING COVENANT (Robert Hale. 21s.) is Miss Jane Lane's scholarly reconstruction of another aspect of the seventeenth century, when, after the signing of the National Covenant in 1637, the Covenanters, far from pursuing a course of liberty, became as tyrannical a force as Scotland and later England had ever known. As the author points out, it was Charles II, to whom Margaret Newcastle and her Duke had been so faithful, who, on his Restoration, showed great clemency to this fanatic body of men.



LONDON'S CENTENARIAN "SQUIRE OF ALBANY": Mr. William Stone, who celebrated his 100th birthday last Monday, stands in the Rope Walk of Albany Chambers, off Piccadilly, in London. He is the Senior Trustee of the Board of the buildings and a former chairman. He himself has lived in Albany for sixty years. In his century of life he has been a lecturer at Cambridge, where he was educated, a soldier, a political candidate and a businessman. He has travelled extensively and first visited Khartoum in the days before the Mahdi and Gordon. His books include *Shall We Annexe Egypt?* (published seventy years ago) and *The Squire of Piccadilly* (with Henry Baerlein). Many other distinguished authors live to-day in Albany.

More than 200 miles south of Bombay on the west coast of India lies the Portuguese territory of Goa. It is small—some 1,350 square miles—and its population is on the same scale, but it remains as loyal to its origins and to its Lisbon Government as any colony extant. GOA: *Rome of the Orient* (Arthur Barker. 21s.) is a survey of the place, its people and something of its 450 years of history under Portuguese rule, by Colonel Rémy, whose name was one of the most honoured in the French Resistance during the war and who brings something of his intransigence and clear-cut objectivity into this part-political, part-historical discussion. The translation has been made by Mr. Lancelot C. Sheppard.

THE GREAT WORLD AND TIMOTHY COLT (Gollancz. 15s.) is announced as a novel of love and marriage, business and the law, ethics and conscience. Mr. Louis Auchincloss has that unusual combination of gifts (which is not necessarily Heaven-sent) of being a good story-teller and also a stylist. His novel is set in the semi-jungle where New York business men and lawyers are apt to cut each other's throats with blunt knives and in which their wives and women display all the softness and modesty of a twenty-four-carat rock. In spite of disliking its hero only a little less than its heroine, I found this a satisfying novel.

A BILL OF PARTICULARS (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is another American novel and this one, too, is concerned with the practice of law, but in a small Pennsylvania town and, more uncommonly, by a woman. Mrs. Ann Marbut is herself a lawyer and the authenticity of her detail is highly interesting. Perhaps regrettably, her Portia is a bit of a cold fish and one can feel no more excitement than she does herself at the prospect of an engagement or a marriage in her life. She is, however, a pioneer and this is an aspect of the story that Mrs. Marbut handles with real warmth.

If one regards M. François Mauriac simply as a novelist and not, as they are inclined to do in France, as a figure in politics or a shaper of opinion, there can be no doubt at all of his eminence and it has always seemed curious that his work was not more widely read over here. LINES OF LIFE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.) is a translation, faultlessly done by Mr. Gerard Hopkins, of Mauriac's short novel, *Destins*, written early in his career and already presaging his mastery of the art of story-telling and his dry, elegant style.

THE LAST DETACHMENT (Hart-Davis. 15s.) is another novel from France; partly autobiographical and wholly effective, about Saumur, the famous French cavalry school, and a group of young men meeting there in 1940 in the last weeks before the fall of France. The translation has been made by Mr. Humphrey Hare.

Mr. W. D. Pereira writes about the aircraft industry in this country as a man who knows it thoroughly from his own experience. TIME OF DEPARTURE (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) is chiefly concerned with the building of a supersonic airliner and with the months of planning leading up through its development. Technically absorbing stuff, though less at ease in its moments of sentiment.

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF ISAAC BABEL (Methuen. 18s.) are more than an introduction to the work of this gifted Russian writer: they are a complete course of study in it. To readers conditioned by the stories of Tchekov and Turgeniev this modern Russian stylist will give quite a shock, but it may be a salutary one. All the tales have the author's particular imprint of vital freshness, irony and compassion.

COMMUNIST BOSS

A Biography of Nikita Khrushchev

How exactly can one sum up a complex character like Nikita Khrushchev when his career is in mid-passage, and when the pressures and the problems within the Soviet Union are largely unknown factors? Victor Alexandrov, a young man who left Russia in an understandable hurry in his teens, has attempted the problem. In part his sources of information are derived from a former Soviet diplomat who was brought up with Khrushchev and knew him in his earlier days in the Ukraine. KHRUSHCHEV OF THE UKRAINE (Victor Gollancz. 15s.) is not a convincing biography, and it is made even less convincing by the comment on the final page that in Nikita Khrushchev we have the iconoclast of Stalinism who will be identified with a new era in the history of the Soviet Union. Was it not only a week or so ago that we saw the great iconoclast staging a return to idolatry in not notably guarded terms?

Living at the crossroads of both time and space, the Sicilian is the most enigmatic of Europeans. The 2,700 years of his recorded history is a roll-call of invaders, from Phœnicians and Greeks to Garibaldi's red-shirted thousand and the G.I.s of World War II in their tens of thousands. His blood is the blood of many races. His religion is a Christianity which incorporated rather than displaced the paganism of his ancestors. His homeland is an Eden from which he has been cast out by the sinful greed of landlords. It is with these sombre thoughts in mind that Herbert Kubly brings his great talents to bear in presenting his picture of EASTER IN SICILY (Gollancz. 18s.).

Mr. Kubly is a wonderfully flexible writer with a gift for changing the pace of his narrative. Leaving Palermo, the author embarks on a circular (and quite entrancing) tour of the island. The climax is the description of the Easter Festival at Taormina and Palermo. Here is brilliant and sustained writing.

At the turn of the century Cecil Rhodes, whose thoughts so often strayed far beyond the confines of Africa to the problems of Empire, stressed the need for peopling the vast open spaces of Australia. It is only in these post-war years that this policy has been pursued with vigour. The result is a very largely transformed Australia which the immigrant of fifty years ago might find it hard to recognise. Latvians, Lithuanians, Swedes, Danes, Finns, Italians, Greeks, and many other folk from the continent of Europe mingle with the English-speaking immigrants of whom Rhodes was thinking in particular. In DIGGERS' PARADISE (Robert Hale. 18s.), Stanton Hope presents a picture of this newly-developing Australia culled from his intimate experience of the country. He has produced no idealised picture for the emigrant; he is fully aware of the mutual misconceptions harboured by Europeans and dyed-in-the-wool diggers. The result is a wonderfully well-balanced survey.

P. E. Cleator's THE PAST IN PIECES (Allen and Unwin. 21s.) affords a highly informative glimpse behind the archæological scenes. The author shows how, in the nineteenth century, archæological treasure beyond reckoning was looted and sold, mishandled and despoiled, scattered or lost. He goes on to describe the new trend at the turn of the century when the role of archæology as an elucidator of historic problems was at last recognised and established. He divides his survey into the three main geographical-chronological divisions of the historic period—the Oriental, the Mediterranean and the pre-Columbian American. Mr. Cleator is a most lucid writer with considerable ability to stimulate the widest interest.

WHAT IS SCIENCE? (Gollancz. 21s.) is an excellent symposium in which twelve eminent scientists and philosophers explain their various fields of work to the layman. Among them Bertrand Russell writes on "Science and Human Life," Sir Edmund Whittaker on "Mathematics and Logic," and Julian Huxley on "Evolution and Genetics." The authors have succeeded in giving both a rich and illuminating picture of scientific thinking in this most worthwhile volume.

Richard Carrington has really enjoyed himself hugely in his "book of natural and unnatural history" to which he gives the title, MERMAIDS AND MASTODONS (Chatto and Windus. 25s.). He looks in a delightful way at the richly-developed subject of natural history, delving into the legends that have been built up around the sea-serpent, the gryphon, the manatee, the quagga and much else besides.

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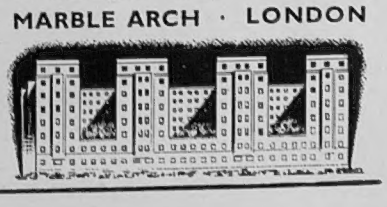

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